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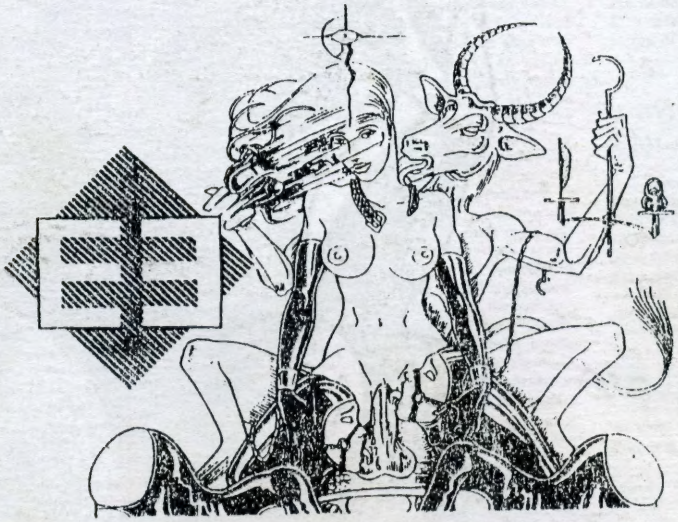

Female Ejaculation -
Theory and Practice

Annie Sprinkle
+ Energy Orgasms

Tantra & Sexual Magick

Queer/Bi/Non-Monogamy

How to Use Reich

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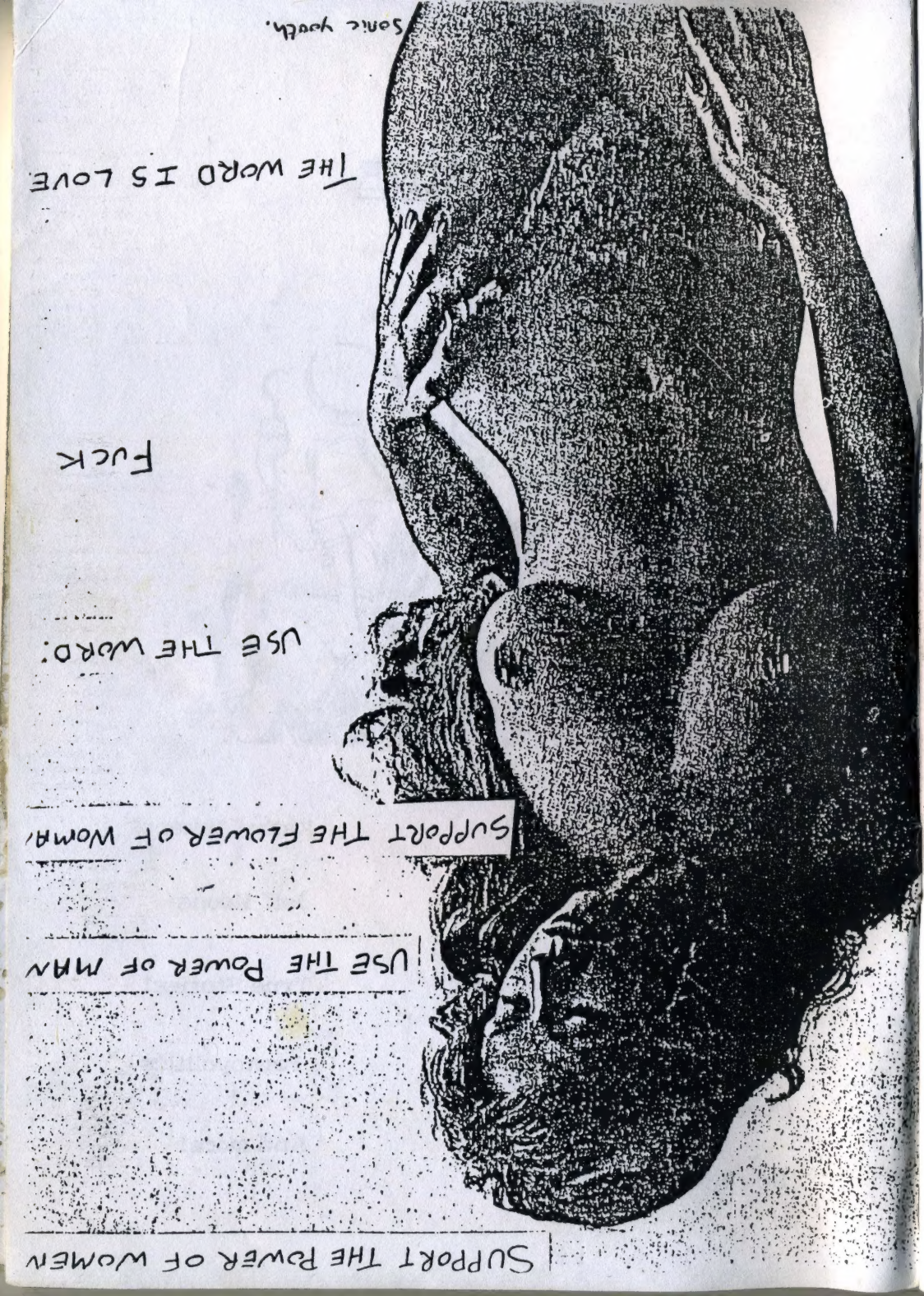

WOMEN EJACULATE TOO !

The female body is capable of ejaculation in a similar way to the male's, through over thirty small channels, and will do so repeatedly if correctly stimulated.

Shelia Jeffreys, a lesbian feminist historian, once wrote that female ejaculation was simply an "invention" of the male imagination.

The Batoro peoples of Uganda have a puberty rite called "kachapati" - literally "spray the wall" in which the older women teach the younger females how to spray out their ejaculatatory fluids in rhythmic bursts.

Sometimes people disagree about female ejaculation. Hippocrates, the "father" of modern medicine, and Aristotle, a well known thinker, didn't mess about. They knew women could squirt too. And how.

True to form the Victorians didn't play ball. For instance, there was a man called Kraft-Ebbing (who wasn't Flowing). Although he accepted the existence of female-ejaculation, he believed it occurred only in women with neurasthenia (a dis-ease).

In Victorian England bodily secretions (especially sexual ones) awoke feelings of horror in men and women alike. In the terminology of the eminent psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich the prevailing climate was - "sex negative". Female ejaculation, which had previously been regarded as a harmless and entirely natural source of female joy, was now reduced to the symptoms of hysterical illness.

Female ejaculation was now associated with notions of sickness and dis-ease. Once labelled as dirt it was only a matter of time before it was swept under the carpet; to the extent that many contemporary sexologists continue to deny its existence. As recently as 1982, Masters, Johnson and Kolandy continued to refer to female ejaculation as "an erroneous belief" and suggest that the fluid/it could be the result of "urinary stress incontinence".

Shannon Bell, in *The Hysterical Male* suggests that because female ejaculation is all about pleasure, and womens pleasure has traditionally been neglected, "the knowledge of ejaculation has not been accepted and socially appropriated by professionals or the public."

Ms. Bell goes on to remind us that "Josephine Sevely, *Eve's Secrets. A New Theory of Female Sexuality* (1987), has provided us with the most comprehensive study of female ejaculation. Her theory not only sexualizes the urethra but also emphasises the simultaneous involvement of the clitoris, urethra, and vagina, which function as a single integrated sex organ. The implications of Sevely's theory are threefold. First, a woman's sexual organ ceases to be fragmented into clitoris and vagina: it is an integrated whole composed of clitoris, urethra, and vagina. Second, this integrated whole is a multiplicity "full of things," all alive with sensation. The {w}hole is an active w{hole}; no more clitoral activity versus vaginal passivity (presumably as in the myth of separate and distinct orgasms for vagina and clitoris). Third, the "anatomical difference" between male and female genitals upon which phallocentric culture and society is premised is challenged by an alternative construction of anatomical symmetry. Both male and female bodies have prostrate gland structures and both have the potential to ejaculate fluids during sexual sumulation. The female body, free from the limiting economy of the male psyche-libido, reveals physiological differences within anatomical symmetry. The female body can ejaculate fluid from thirty-one ducts; with stimulation can ejaculate repeatedly; can ejaculate more

fluid than the male body; and can enjoy a plurality of genital pleasure sites: the clitoris, urethra, vagina, the vaginal entrance, the roof of the vagina, the bottom of the vagina, and the cervix."

Patriarchy seeks to control, to make predictable, to repress the spontaneous and to dominate. But total order = stagnation and death. Chaos theory shows us the one constant in this multiverse is the chaotic. This seemingly solid magazine is in reality made up mostly of empty space in and through which atoms and sub-atomic particles are whizzing and weaving in a totally unpredictable dance of creation. Patriarchy is on the wane and the Goddess is rising once again. Let us f**k freely and ejaculate together to the strains of the coming new age.

A WOMEN'S EJACULATION GUIDE.

Being male the authors of this article do not feel qualified to write this section. Female ejaculation has been appropriated by male doctors and researchers enough as it is, not to mention those men who view the female body as something to conquer in bed and see giving pleasure (be it in the form of intercourse, orgasm or now ejaculation) purely in the selfish terms of their own status. Bearing this in mind we present the recommendations of Shannon Bell below.

STEP ONE: Find what has come to be known as your "G-Spot"; don't ask why it that it is named after Grafenberg, a man. {If us males may offer a suggestion, how about the "E-Spot"; E for ejaculate, ecstasy, emancipation and etc.} It is the muscle and spongy tissue that is around that part of the uretra that is inside the vagina. It begins about a finger (more or less) inside your vagina and is about a finger wide. If the muscles that go around your vagina. . . have not been used much, they have to be built up {if you have trouble finding the PC (pubococcygeus) muscles, try stopping and starting the flow of urine next time you pee. This uses the PC muscles, and is useful for men to do too}. The muscles can be built up by doing contractions: contracting the top of your vagina against the bottom and releasing. This is fun and you could have an orgasm or two. You could start by doing twenty-five. . . three times a day for one week, then fifty three times a day, then one hundred {easily done for e. g. in lessons, waiting for the bus, whilst reading Scrapie etc. }

STEP TWO: Using whichever hand you usually masturbate with, take two or three fingers and rub them against the part of your urethra inside your vagina. Press hard and notice the feeling which may seem like having to urinate. This is a signal that you are ready to ejaculate. Now, place the middle finger slightly below the external part of your urethra and begin to masturbate the same way you rub your clitoris. (I begin with a firm slow up and down motion, increasing speed and pressure as I approach ejaculation). As you are masturbating you will notice that the two ducts, one at each side of your urethra feel full and perhaps somewhat painful. There are twenty-nine ducts scattered over the top of your vagina and once you locate the body sensation you will be able to locate them on your lower abdomen. They are located in a pyramid from your clitoris to just above your ovaries.

STEP THREE: Take your hand and press down on one or more of the ducts from the outside. Push your urethra out and push, the way you do when you urinate. A crucial aspect of ejaculating is that *it is necessary to PUSH OUT.* Liquid will come shooting out of your urethra in a steady stream or a jet.

I can ejaculate only in positions in which I can push my entire pelvis up and out: on my knees with legs a foot and a half apart; on my back with my pelvis raised up; weight distributed on my feet and shoulders, and knees at least two feet apart; and, squatting or standing, again with feet far enough apart so I can push my urethra up and out. If your partner is female, you may well be able to help her ejaculate. As you stimulate her interior vaginal wall and the exterior part of her urethra, get her to push out when ready. You will both feel the glands and ducts around the urethra swelling and filling with liquid. If the muscles have atrophied, as mine had, contraction exercises may be required.

What ejaculation will do for you sexually is to give you a powerful pleasurable kinesthetic, visual, and auditory experience - a total body experience. You can repeat it almost indefinitely once your body awakens to it.

EJACULATE: The ejaculate changes in amount, color, odor, and taste during your menstrual cycle. At ovulation the fluid is very hot (it corresponds to your vaginal temperature), thick, yellow, and pungent. Following ovulation the fluid is thinner, there is more of it, it is clear, and pleasantly salty. It remains this way until bleeding starts, at which point it is again thick for the first day or two. It then returns to being clear.

HEALTH: I have found that ejaculating during ovulation - because it reduces vaginal temperature - reduces yeast infections that result from the increase in vaginal temperature at ovulation.

SAFER SEX: The same safe sex rules apply to girl cum as to boy cum: keep it out of all mucous membranes and your blood stream; keep it out of your partner's eye's.

So there we have it; a do-it-yourself guide to reclaiming your body. We should like to end on an empirical note by confirming the existence of female ejaculation. We have both come across women ejaculating (and had them cum across us). Make no mistake. It is an experience we unreservedly recommend.

Compiled by Kyan Delac'Our and S. T. Eve Mckay.

-For further information on this and related topics we refer you to an excellent book *The Hysterical Male: new feminist theory* edited by Marilouise and Arthur Kroker [Macmillan Education Ltd., 1991] and priced at £10.99.
ISBN 0-333-55734-4.

"We need to pose the question, analyze, understand, refuse—refuse to be heterosexual and homosexual, the opposite sex and a sex at all..."
—*Stephen Heath*, from **The Sexual Fix**—

"Women are better. But you can't live with a woman."
—*Marlene Dietrich's standard answer when asked whether she preferred men or women*—

"She's a mattress with a microphone. She's living proof of power through crotch."
—*Comedian Judy Tenuta on Madonna*—

One Night Stands.

Some people, when they have a one night stand, they expect something. It's no wonder they're suprised. Others only have one night stands if they are sure they can make it a really "good", "deep and meaningful" experience. I think that people who always approach 'casual sex' in this way; i.e. not casually, could be missing out on something really important. In so called casual sex I find a meaninglessness so deep that it sucks me in. I am powerless to refuse its pull.

When two people come together in this way, with no more in mind than the desire to merge with one another and shut out the world with their mutual bliss, they create a tempory eternity which can be reached in no other way. Each one wants to fullfil themself as far as is possible in that moment. *Nothing is expected so nothing can be lost.* With every moment one feels ones richness increase. Every moment is an eternity. A 'one night stand' can offer total fullfilment, total passion, total war, total freedom, total love. In this way any expectations, fore thoughts or after thoughts are a waste of time. Sieze the moment or forever hold your piece.

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art: Trevor Brown, Not taken from the published book.

The Landscape of My Cunt

by Selena Whang

She said all penetration was actually rape. I do not really know but I think there is a way to draw this out, further the point of concentration. The moment of ejaculation is an act and transforms ramifications of female sex while appropriating the meanings of male sex. A good thing.

The terrain of my sexuality is at once both rugged and fertile like the smooth muscles of the vagina. Tender, too. There are all kinds of undulations for gripping, holding, memorizing; every section and cross-section containing worlds of meaning as superficial and profound as I choose. A vagina is a terrible thing to waste and there are so many ways she explores and examines. Shed some light on the matter. Sample the thirty-one flavors.*

The movement of ejaculation is a very receptive action. A moment of redemption. It is also a moment of aggression as aggression is signified. Vigorously energetic. Taking up a lot of space. Unable to be contained. Making a mess. Making a scene. Making product. An interactive performance.

It is a re-membering when all the processes of mechanization work together—the relay station of nerves, muscular contractions, vessels. Urethra, ducts, clitoris, uterus, and of course, the cunt and all the parts thereof—multidimensional. Beautifully orchestrated. Remembering from some distant past so distant, my mother doesn't even know.

The female "act-of-spurting-out-a-lot-of-cum" takes this male principle and makes it transgendered. Female sex is no more mysterious than life is. And it is as dark and hidden and silent as the penetration of a male anus. The look that comes across the face of a male who has just discovered his sexual receptivity for the first time, in no uncertain terms, is a very beautiful moment. A piercing of light through the haze of constructed sexual ambivalence.

Clarity is what I speak of to want to know every niche, every strata. Feel how the connections are to all other levels of being. How sexuality functions and reciprocates. Not necessarily sexual reproduction but the reproduction of the sexual.

Ejaculate is more copious than my tears. Aggression and pain are both expressions of the nervous system. A release. An entrance. A Continuation. Sparks travelling along the synapses.

Yeah, Earth has been having a lot of orgasms lately, hadn't ejaculated in a while and we all missed it. She had hardly even cried these past few years. In Noah's time though, there must have been heavy multiple orgasms going on. The world's a mess but I can still ejaculate.

Lies and ugliness still hover over my confidence. I smile but dare not take a step. I am afraid that if I keep wearing garter belts and talking about female ejaculation, I'll get raped one of these days.

A thousand points of light coalesce into one point of concentration where explosions and eruptions occur. While perusing the landscape, nuances become distinct; habits become paths; I find new space and lay myself down as an offering. For this I need immense focus and feel solemn and giddy. I get devoured and emerge baptized. Crystal cuts away at my heart, chiselling a purity hard as diamond. Both my sex and my heart are pointed as defined in the very sense of that word. A focus, directed, striving, already reaching even as you follow the length of the stem and meet the point which is only significant as the connection continuing a stream of energy. A force that is embraced.

I don't understand how a vagina smoking a cigarette or opening beer bottles or counting change or shooting darts is reduced to a trashy display of tricks. These acts are so simply marvelous. Something that takes such skill and involves great aesthetic—something that cannot really ever be appropriated—we cash into the illusion of appropriation. Once, I saw a woman lift thirty pounds with her vagina.

The moment of penetration is a curious thing. The act of being penetrated is a very active state of being. The cunt is always speaking, processing, responding. Sometimes she's louder than other times. When it is time to unleash that moment of ejaculation she speaks pretty loudly—or is she yelling or crying? She transforms the illusion of passivity into a direct statement of force. It's an answer to your prayers.

**In the female body, fluid is ejaculated from thirty-one ducts.*

"...I live in Europe where having mistresses is not a big thing. Bisexuality in Europe is natural. People don't gossip about things like that....The relationship with a woman and three guys, which I would love, wouldn't work unless they were all bisexual and proud of it...In America, bisexuality is such a big deal. Americans are so wrapped up in what is normal, what is right and pure. The only things that are pure are nature and sex....It's exciting to have a different point of view."
—*Singer Grace Jones*

From Anything That Moves 5. Very useful. £3.99 from Tower Records, Picadilly Circus tube (look it up if outside London).

The Safe Sex Clubs

by Carol A. Queen

It was such a big step to ignore the voices of my female conditioning—that was the threshold I had to first cross into my first Jack-and Jill-off party. Nice girls don't go sniffing like beasts around warehouses full of men with erect cocks and other women decked out in lingerie and smelling of hot pussy. Nor do nice girls pester their gay male friends for secret entry to a men's jack-off event the way a few brave, curious bisexual women did: "Just let us watch! We'll hide, you won't even know we're there!" The guys said "noooooooo!" but then everybody decided: maybe this calls for a new kind of party. It was November of 1987. People were growing tired of the way the AIDS crisis had made sex fearsome for so many. Beneath the quiet, grieving facade of the '80s, a new sexual revolution had been fermenting.

Word went out all over the Bay Area sex community. Nothing like this multi-gendered, omni-persuasional, and safe had ever been tried. It wasn't a jack-off party—women would be there. Not a swing party—gay men would be included, fucking would not. Not a freewheeling '70s orgy—those hadn't been run by strict safe sex rules. It wasn't like anything, except maybe the future. It was a new forum for radical sex in uncertain times.

Negotiation can improve any kind of sex, even solo. The night of the world's first mixed-gender safe sex party I made a deal with myself: I could go and just watch, leave if I felt too uncomfortable, or stay and play to my hearts content if my anxiety ebbed. Two hours later I was perched on a woman's knee, stroking one of her breasts while her male partner played with the other, her right hand on his cock and her left on someone elses who had one of his hands on another guy's dick and the other hand on me. Welcome to the wonderful world of Jack and Jill.

Guess I liked it enough to stay.

Liked it? It was transcendent. Later I sprawled on a sofa, jilling-off furiously. Men and women gathered around me, their hands everywhere. You know that masturbation fantasy where every erotic zone is tended to? This was it! All the while a gay man was whispering nasty things in my ear. I came eight times in ten minutes, and mind you, up until then I'd been a one-per-session girl. When I opened my eyes and started to float back to earth, I saw a group of gay men standing in a semi-circle, jacking-off and marveling, "Look, women really can do that!"

Any phenomenon that resulted in my becoming multiply orgasmic certainly deserved further attention. I decided to stay on as an organizer.

JJO's were my entree into organized group sex. They provided a unique environment, the only place where men, women, and others (gay and straight and every degree of bi, s/m, and vanilla) all met and played together or next to each other, equally and relatively phobia-free. Later I'd run parties myself, and still later a new venue arose for mixed sex play: Club Eros, the successor to that first warehouse South of Market. When it closed, its proprietor Buzz Bense looked forward to retiring from sex club managing, but within weeks another club fell into his lap and is now the only place in the country devoted equally to learning about safe sex and doing it.

Mixed-gender and -orientation parties are safe sex playpens of the highest order. Rules are few but strictly enforced: no fucking without condoms (at JJO's no fucking is allowed, period), no oral-genital/-anal contact without a barrier, no rude behavior. Rude behavior at a sex party is defined as nosing around where you've not been invited to play, and a couple of parties down the line the JJO planners saw fit to get a little more

continued next page

explicit about it: Ask before touching. A corollary—and harder to enforce—is Say No when you don't want a particular type of attention. Full consensuality is the ideal. It's a way of providing an atmosphere of emotional safety to all participants, reserved and outgoing alike. Not everyone with group sex fantasies has evolved social skills, and these rules make the parties accessible to as wide a range of people as possible—perhaps even gently teaching them skills they can use when sex is one-on-one.

Where else can you see men in drag—dicks hard and poking forth from spandex or ruffles—stroking-off while they watch a merry-faced lesbian paddle her rhinestone-collared girlfriend's ass until it's pink? Or a woman get her fantasy-come-true: suspended in the air by a dozen men's hands, all jacking off and coming on her as she giggles and wriggles and squeals her pleasure? Where else can you jack-and-jill-off to Ringling Brothers circus music? Where else could you even find this collection of characters, sometimes between 50 and 100 at a time, together in one room?

Something like it is available at LINKS, the Bay Area s/m community's foremost safe sex mixed play party, but the ambiance there, of course, is leather-heavy, fetish and s/m scenes far outnumbering those which center around genital sex.

What else do mixed parties have to offer? A new group of buddies who are long on warm, short on judgement. A chance to confront sexual/social bugbears: Is it really okay to watch/be watched? Am I really desirable? Can I really say no and be heard? A chance to watch others who do things differently, to learn from and appreciate others' erotic variety.

One night my partner and I played together with half the room watching us. Nearby stood a woman with a strap-on dildo which rubbed against her clit whenever she touched it. She was gazing into the eyes of a man with tatoos and body rings, jacking off the dildo while he stroked his own cock. As they went faster you could hear the rings in his cock jungle. The synchronicity of the party worked its magic—hips thrusting and hands flying, they both came at the same time.

Not everyone is content to let the safe sex party enthusiasts peacefully conduct the sexual revolution behind the closed doors of private clubs and warehouses. More than once in the past three years safe sex clubs have been raided and closed by the local police. If club-goers didn't feel like members of a stigmatized minority before these incidents, many certainly did thereafter.

Several safe sex clubs operate in the City today; most serve primarily gay and bisexual men, and at least one, The Ecstasy Lounge, is for women. Women, men and others can be found playing together at private Queen of Heaven Pagan Parties, at Club Eros' mixed nights (the only mixed party which is open to the public), and of course, at the monthly Jack-and-Jill-Offs sponsored by Mother Goose Productions. All of these are polymorphous gatherings for which the term "bisexual" provides only a limited description; while many party-goers are bisexual, that's just the beginning. Mother Goose, responding to an extremely high male-to-female ratio at its parties, has just instituted the newest innovation in the safe sex party world, the "New School for Social Masturbation." It seeks to instruct its participants in being the kind of people anyone would want to meet at a safe sex party; from now on, people desiring to go to a JJO will have to attend class first. The male-to-female ratio at Club Eros is also very high, and many of the men who attend are straight—though in the absence of lots of women to pursue, who knows how the guys will be identifying by the parties end?

I know I'm in San Francisco when I look around at a party and see revelers representing just about every entry in the sexual lexicon, all dressed up in sexy clothes (or none at all) and growing more proficient with condoms and gloves by the minute. The safe sex hosts continue to give parties for two reasons: for the sheer joy of facilitating the coming together of such real, live, pulsing diversity, and for the high-minded purpose of proving to rooms full of people that sex can be plentiful, promiscuous, hot and safe.

Group sex experiences are not for everyone. To have fun at a group event a person must not be too shy, must be as willing to hear a "no" in response to popping the questions as a "yes," must be willing to say "no" in response to someone else's request to play, and most importantly, they must want to be there. Their partner, if they've brought him/her along, has to want to be there, too. For some of us, group experiences are whipped cream on the hot cocoa of a sex life that would still be perfectly tasty without it. To others, the advent of the safe sex parties is a lifesaver—some of us would be seeking out group experiences anyway as an integral part of our erotic fulfillment. Group sex has become an important part of my erotic life, and I love it as much for the way it continually helps me undo my "good-girl" conditioning and remake myself as for the sights, sounds, and smells.

Perhaps most of all I love the safe sex parties for their insistence that sex can be as precious (and as safe) in threes, fours, and dozens as in twosomes!

—Carol A. Queen is a San Francisco writer, sex educator, bisexual community activist and a sex party aficionada. Portions of this article appeared in a different form in THE REALIST

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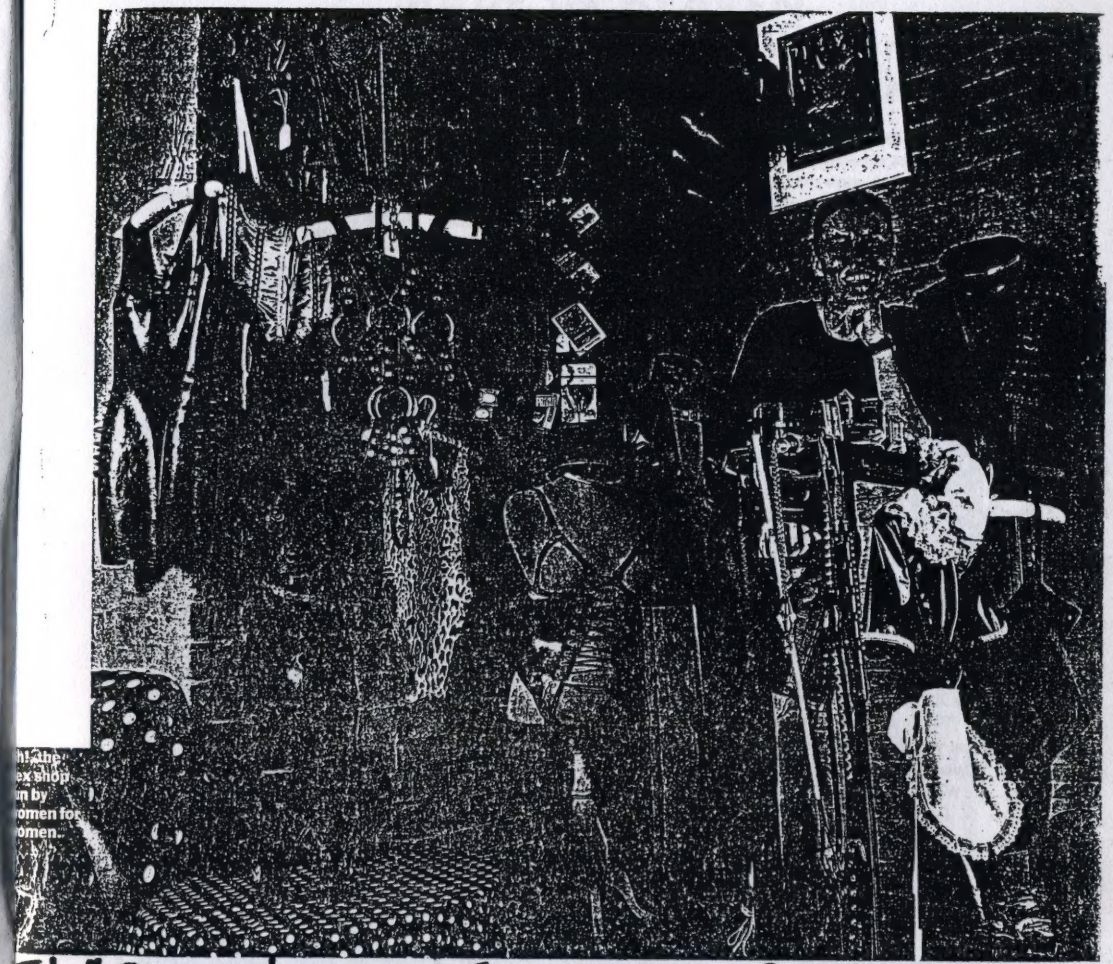

Sh! Sex shoppe by women for women.

ast March, an accountant named Kim de Testre wanted to buy a vibrator for a friend's birthday. n unflappable Northerner, she set off alone for ho. She emerged after an hour, flapped. The sex ops she had visited were 'dirty, dingy and totally limidating toward women customers'. There and en, she decided to do something about it. A onth later, Kim and her partner, 'Lady Penepe', opened Sh!, the first sex shop in Europe run and for women.

Geographically and figuratively, Sh! couldn't be ther off the sex industry's home turf. The shop in a tyre-defying back lane near Old Street ation. Behind the unmarked black door, the atosphere is a bit like a hen party at a nightclub. As your eyes adjust to the dim lighting, you come aware of a tableful of vibrators, prettily anged, and complementary lotions with names like, er, Vixen Cream. There is a leather bondage harness displayed on a female mannequin. A net-and-chiffon tutu hangs flirtily from a wall. At the rear are sofas for chatting and coffee-drinking. There's a woman's touch here, all right.

'We knew nothing about this business,' says the gamine Lady Penelope. 'It was just sheer bloody-mindedness. We thought it was ridiculous that in this day and age, women, who are now much more upfront about their sexuality, didn't have an outlet.' She and Kim pooled savings of £700 and began learning the trade. Their visits to Stratford sex-toy factories met with incredulity, then respect. 'It's been an education.'

Sh! operates a hands-on, user-friendly policy. All stock may be touched or tried on. The air fills with a lewd whirring noise: a customer is examining one of the 20 models of vibrator.

'That one's our best seller,' notes Penelope. 'The wholesaler calls it Rotating & Squirmy, but we've named it Jessica Rabbit.' Little latex rabbit ears protrude bizarrely from the device. It's a snip at £25.50 and the shop keeps selling out.

There is no composite Sh! customer. 'We get them all - City women, girls with their boyfriends, even grandmothers. Probably more straight than gay women.' 'I'd much rather come here than anywhere else,' interjects the Jessica Rabbit customer in bluff East-Endese.

Like all smart businesspeople, Kim and Penelope are thinking expansion. Next on the agenda is a line of designer bondage cuffs. They are also considering installing a chill-cabinet to display sybaritic foods like strawberry mousse. Not to sell - just to give people ideas. **Caroline Sullivan**

Sh!, 22 Coronet Street, N1 ~~(071-359-6539)~~ 071-613-5458.

SERMON NUMBER FIVE: AND SEX CRIME FOR ALL

by Sal Volatile

Hey, loser...

Now that the Spanner appeal has been thrown out of the Law Lords, Britain's well on its way to establishing the most draconian legislation in the West regarding everyday erotic acts. You too can be a sex criminal just by having that one last spank, nuzzling into that love bite maybe just a touch too much, hey, possibly even moving your hips a little too violently during the juicy bits. C'mon down Andrea Dworkin, right here in UK mon amour, acts of love we all once considered as our kinky British birthright are now classed as assault.

Sure, the case has been well covered, the ins and outs adequately run through in the quality press. But after the Genesis P. Orridge DESPATCHES' witch-hunt concerning bogus Satanic ritual abuse videos, who would have expected, how you say, justice'?

The grey weight of frustrated resignation that is part and parcel of British life just absorbs one more niggling nuisance. In amongst the dreary litany of homelessness, unemployment, freewheeling mass poverty and a rolling programme of civilian casualty macro-economics, HM government just took away YOUR FREEDOM TO HAVE YOUR DICK NAILED TO THE COFFEE TABLE! Anyone for fetish-fatigue?

Hey, big deal ? You'd quietly been exercising you rights to have your pork sword on the cutting edge for ages, but what the hell, you were going to beat *that* habit anyhow with a handy cast iron New Year's resolution. Holy tit clamps, you had it bad. Truth is, you were getting hooked kid. You thought you could handle this new wave of trendy self-mutilation and designer piercing alone and in your own time. Careful with that hammer (and sickle!) Eugene.

Well, now's the time to draw those lines. All these S&M ghouls are a bunch of middle class wankers anyway, aren't they, indulging their misogynistic power trips – as ever – at the expense of vulnerable girls unable to protect themselves'? C'mon, freakfucker, you were drinking in the last chance saloon. YOU WERE ASKING FOR IT!

But now as the wounds heal and the public simmers down from its newsprint jag of tabloid outrage, charges of scrotal sandpaper sex and other hideous perversions are yesterdays news. Consent – that's the big issue.

Problem is, the rust of oppression never sleeps. As Jeff Balance of "Coil" has pointed out elsewhere, the Spanner decision effectively puts thought-crime on the statute. The very fact that you *felt* you were enjoying some act of 'violence', that it was fine by you, that it wasn't any problem, is no defence. Your active enjoyment is crime enough. You compromised yourself in the new complicity of consent. If you confessed to a policeman that you had sexually enjoyed the pain of having you tooth drilled and filled then, from here on in, the dentist gets it! If you got a little hot under the collar after Nurse Ratchet popped you full of pick-me-ups then you're looking at a few years stretch, bub. And rightly so.

The new breed of feminist – male and female – are not quite sure, alongside the confused British public, what to make of any of this. No one wants to be on the side of the Victorian reactionaries, but, whoaah, what kind of pinko faggot scum drive pins through their foreskins? Surely this is is the worst possible thing that any human being could ever, ever do to another adult? That neither party to the act harmed the other in any way is, of course, beside the point.

Face facts. This is England. People must be stopped doing rude things to their cheesy wotsits in private, if the great British public are at all uneasy. In the same way that nasty pregnancies should be outlawed if the women involved feel any pleasure in childbirth! In the same way sexual intercourse is a no-no if the numerous ecstatic traumas of penetration are slyly celebrated. No pain, no gainsay! Tune in, turn on and drop out to RED HOT DUTCH! Subscribe to DIVINITY! Get it whilst you can. Because they are coming for your genitals and the lights of love and lust are going out all over England.

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From Divinity 2:1, leading magazine "Exploring psycho-eros" - £3 from Divine Press, PO Box 108, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4DD.

MADE IN HEAVEN

Sal Volatile reels in shock at the work of the world's most important artist, Jeff Koons

Quite the kinkiest exhibition thrown up on the London gallery circuit last year came at the Anthony d'Offay space in September and October. Devoted to exploring "the veneer of wholesomeness we take for granted at the heart of middle class life", STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS launched some preposterous new works by Jeff Koons which could have significant impact on what is allowed to be graphically portrayed sexually in this country.

Koons, the hi-roller NYC art svengali who married Cicciolina and made a million, has done for modern art what Malcolm McClaren once did for contemporary music – made it choke on its own vomit.

Koons' stalking grounds are the vast, kitsch territories of art-life and sexual fantasy. He specialises in full-gloss confrontational tack. His avowed aim is sales and more sales. Alongside Madonna, Koons represents a new kind of big-spender porn spectacular. Koons with his obscene wool-pulling antics; Madonna taking the role of the all-round entertainer introducing her public to new lines of staged "deviance".

WOLFMAN (CLOSE-UP), 1991

Madonna is rapidly converging on the virile, obscene intent of Cicciolina anyway. But most important is this general circulation of pornographic intent throughout so many of the withered moral by-ways of America – a deep pink fusing over the crinkling, plastic sculpted flesh of that disintegrating nation.

Koons is of course at the forefront of this movement. His marriage to Cicciolina is the perfect high-art harmony of cunt, commerce and cock. Here he presents two works, both huge square eight foot by eight foot colour photo-panels of himself fucking his wife. It's an absurdly simple but effective idea. At just what point does the deliberate, explicit representation of human copulation pass from the scuzzy realms of vulgar populist porno into the hushed capital-intensive world of the trading art-market?

It's an age old question. But if the authorities are able to pass these sorts of works for uninhibited public display in Britain, then it seems possible that they may be on the verge of giving up the battle on the magazine/book/video front.

In the first picture, Koons mounts Cicciolina, photographed from the back. Koons' heavily hung balls figure large as his meathook is just about to pull out of those mythic female parts, known intimately to fans throughout Europe! In the second, a smiling Koons lies back as his spouse gorges his organ into her spectacularly splayed anus. As is only fit and proper for the continent's numero uno femme fatalé, she also helpfully exposes the well-known interior of her vagina as hubby cheerfully sodomises her – it's a figurative moment of warmth and closeness that's a bit like seeing a photo of an old friend.

In terms of art direction, the whole thing is pure HUSTLER, with the accent on smoothly made-up pelvic specifications posed against bright backgrounds. But as we all know, erect cocks are no go, especially when driven into the female anus. So what gives? Are these just the slavering shock tactics of the ultra-rich? A fissure in the usually carefully policed environs of the bourgeois imagination? Or what?

Hard to say. But with Joel-Peter Witkin and, previously, Mapplethorpe also working at this vanguard edge of broadly "transgressive" art, Koons' contribution would seem to be a talent for taking on board commonly consumed pornographic tropes, isolating and inflating the normally honed down elements and then selling up fast.

Nice work if you can get it. Gradually the slow ooze of sexploitation is permeating even the high-art investment temples of Cork street and New York. The new age of naked fetishism as commodity is upon us.

BLOW JOB – ICE, 1991

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an interview with **CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT**

by **JERRY SNIDER**

illustration by **Pierre-Paul Pariseau**

For information on the artist, contact: Pierre-Paul Pariseau, 9067, Place de Montgolfier, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2M1Z9. 514-849-2964

According to Christopher Hyatt, the phrase "sexual liberation" is redundant. Sex *is* liberation, if we just know how to approach it. Hyatt points a finger at history's political and religious institutions as having conspired to deny us our full human potential. By co-opting the sex drive to the political end of behavior modification, society has turned a natural biological drive into an unnatural obsession. But if sex seems neurotic in today's world, it is only because sex is oriented not toward control, but release. And release, says Hyatt, is a fundamental requirement for transcending the limitations of the ego to reach a spiritual plane.

In this interview with *Magical Blend*, Dr. Hyatt examines where sexual repression has led us, and the how sexual expression can liberate us. Combining expertise in psychology with expertise in the mystical traditions of Western magick, Hyatt reveals many of today's so-called sexual pathologies in a new light. Looking beyond the limiting definitions of socially-sanctioned orthodoxy, he sees pornography and sadomasochism as but two examples of a sincere, albeit unsatisfying, attempt to free ourselves from the prison of social conditioning.

Dr. Hyatt holds advanced degrees in experimental psychology, educational psychology, and human behavior. He has also done post doctoral work in criminal justice. He spent the early part of his career researching and publishing in the areas of beauty, conflict, pain, time perception, and sensory deprivation. He is most noted for his shocking classic *Undoing Yourself* (Falcon Press, Los Angeles). He has published numerous books in the areas of iconoclastic philosophy, sex magick, and mysticism. His most most recent books are *The Way Of The Secret Lover* and *Taboo: The Ecstasy of Evil—The Psychopathology of Sex and Religion* (Falcon Press) with co-authors Lon Milo DuQuette and Gary Ford. Dr. Hyatt's attitudes and philosophy have been strongly influenced by Thelema, Nietzsche, Reich, Rand, and Leary. He also credits the late Dr. Israel Regardie, former head of the mystery school of the O.T.O., as a primary influence.

Is there a difference between men's and women's approaches to sex or is that a myth?

Christopher Hyatt: I don't think anybody in their right mind would know the difference between men's sex and women's sex because it's all been so contaminated by cultural conditioning. We can only make guesses at it. The only uncontaminated information we have comes from laboratory studies of apes that indicate that the male ape is more dependent on visual cues. In other words, if you ablate his cortex which receives the visual input, his sexual behavior decreases. With the female, there doesn't appear to be any difference. So, if we really want to understand differences between the male and female sex drive, then we have to study lower animals and then generalize a bit from there. That might tell you something about sex drive, but sexuality is an entirely different matter.

What is the difference between sexuality and sex drive?

Christopher Hyatt: Sexuality has to do with cultural conditioning. For example, sexuality in Canada is different than sexuality in Mexico. Sexuality is sort of like the clothing we put on the sex drive. It's the topping on the cake; it's not the cake itself. The sex drive is the cake—the force, or energy, that propels us. Another distinction is that sexuality, unlike sex drive, is dependent on having an opposite. Sexuality is always relational. That's one reason sexuality is so caught up in fantasy. As an English professor of mine once remarked, in real sex, too much of it falls through the sheets. In other words, it's often more exciting in your mind than it is in reality.

Why is that?

Christopher Hyatt: I call it the homunculus theory. We have little pictures of people in our minds that we have created, or that have been created for us. And we run around in the world trying to match up those pictures with real objects. That's why we devote so much of our efforts and resources to creating first impressions. Tacitly we all know we're dealing with image. We are dealing with this homunculus in our mind. When we think we find someone who matches the picture perfectly, we delude ourselves that it is love.

At one time or another, I think we've all had the unpleasant realization that the lover next to us was not the idealized loved one we had imagined. My question is why do we force the person to fit the picture.

Christopher Hyatt: Because we want more than everyday life offers. We want passion, newness, and adventure. If you look at regular day-to-day life and regular day-to-day relationships, they are actually quite mundane and quite boring. People live off a clock. They live off a calendar. They go through the motions. This is safe but boring. Great passions and great love affairs offer adventure and excitement. And that's wonderful, but it needs to be relativised a bit because once we discover that there is an immense discrepancy between this little homunculus and the real person we matched it up to, we feel betrayed, disappointed, and hurt. We are wounded. I find this disappointment between the picture and the reality to be the greatest problem in so-called love relationships.

"So-called" love relationships?

Christopher Hyatt: Much of what we call love is really just a political issue. Once a relationship has lasted for ten or twelve years, then maybe there is something there that we can call love. But the initial feeling has a tendency to turn very rapidly into a form of power politics between two people trying to negotiate their way through a relationship.

That sounds frustrating.

Christopher Hyatt: Well, we're a very unhappy, frustrated culture. The more frustrated you are, the more fixes you need.

That reminds me of all the talk recently about sex as an addiction.

Christopher Hyatt: In this culture everything is an addiction. Exercise is an addiction; food is an addiction; sex is an addiction; shopping is an addiction; friends are addictions. Everything is an addiction. Once you apply a word to everything, it means nothing. To me, the addiction frenzy is an indictment of the culture. It's the culture admitting it has failed. When you think about it, culture is nothing more than a pharmacy. It has prescriptions. It has solutions. If you have this problem you do this; if you have that problem, you do that. When people are addicted and unhappy and miserable and desperately seeking joy, it's an indication that the prescriptions that are written by the society have failed and are failing.

And so we try to deaden the pain?

Christopher Hyatt: In some ways, but there's more to it than that. How do we become addicted? It's through repetition. And why do we repeat a behavior? Because some aspect of it is pleasurable. When you look at it that way, addictions are the result of trying to attain a peak experience. They are not so much an attempt to deaden the pain as to surrender. Surrender is essential for what we would call love. But we can't surrender. We've been trained not to release ourselves, not just in sex, but in everything including our relationships with each other. We can't let go. We're always holding on. We're always on guard. If you think that, as soon as you get in bed, you can drop all these chronic defensive attitudes, you are deluding yourself.

Why are we so defensive?

Christopher Hyatt: It's how society gets us to tow the line. We're conditioned for it. That's why sex is such an issue in this culture. The repression of the sex drive is one of the most potent ways for society to control the behavior of its people. Sex is such a powerful force you can condition anything to it. If you don't believe me, just ask any advertising executive. Sex is life and death. In those fluids are the keys to the entire universe and the priests know it. Once we understand what those fluids and those eggs and those little sperms are, we've understood it all, and we don't need the

Magical Blend magazine - Compendium, Camden Lock, Bookshop

priests.

But how is that control accomplished?

Christopher Hyatt: You control people through associating primary drives like sex with fear and then associating a concept to it. It's a conditioned emotional reflex. I can get people to go crazy and produce all kinds of autonomic activities just by saying a word.

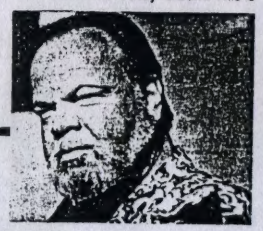
Such as? I mean give me a couple of words.

Christopher Hyatt: Let's take the phrase, "to hell with God." How many people do you think would have an anxiety reaction to that phrase?

Quite a few.

Christopher Hyatt: Exactly. You can get killed saying something like, "Your mother is an ugly pig." Emotions and behavior have been conditioned to the sounds of these words. Most people would be surprised to learn how much of what they feel and think and what they do is nothing more than taking their raw biological potential and conditioning it to symbols. It starts even before the child is born. Parents already have ideas and fantasies of what the child is going to be, who it's going to look like, how it's going to behave, what it's going to be when it grows up. You trace it all the way back and find that people are being conditioned and imprinted from the moment they're born. This is how all societies operate, because we're very primitive still. No matter how advanced we think our technology is, we're a very, very primitive species. And we will take all of our advanced technology and try to fit it back into our primitiveness rather than the other way around.

The repression of the sex drive is one of the most potent ways for society to control the behavior of its people. Sex is such a powerful force you can condition anything to it.



Lindner, back in the '50s in *Prescription for Rebellion*, predicted this whole mess that we're in now. What is happening is that the control has reached a degree where the society has to consume itself. Because it's not moving outwards, it can only move inwards. It's a disguised form of cannibalism. We're a consumer society. We consume sex as well as everything else, including ourselves.

In other words, sex as food?

Christopher Hyatt: People do similar things with food that they do with sex. They deprive themselves or they overindulge. Or, when they're eating, they don't enjoy it; they just consume it because the body is saying, "I'm hungry. Eat." Experiments were done in the '50s where groups of people were either deprived of food, or else food was associated with a noxious stimulus. What they found was that these people became fixated on the subject. They thought about food all the time. They talked about food all the time. Their dreams were full of food images. They spent a lot of time reading the food ads in newspapers and magazines. Do you think if a man ate a good diet that he would spend a lot of time reading foods ads? Of course not. Similarly, our fascination with pornography is the result of being deprived of a healthy sexual diet. Pornography is an attempt to let go. It's an attempt to release. It's an abortive attempt, but at least it's an attempt. People want to let go. A lot of so-called sexual pathologies are really attempts to do just that. And I think it's very, very important that we view them as that rather than as diseases. Sadomasochistic behavior and behaviors like that are attempts at wholeness, attempts to surrender, attempts to go beyond the normal, compiacent, compulsive sexuality that is practiced by the majority of people in this country. In my opinion, it's the normal sexuality of middle America th pathological. Sex in the Western world is primarily negative, whether repressive, as in "sex only after it is sanctioned by the priest," or compulsive in the pre-AIDS dance club & bar scene where people felt obliged to hop into with everyone. Both repression and compulsion are "signs" of an untree unhealthy sex drive.

If that's true, what can we do about it?

Christopher Hyatt: The key is surrender. In order to be a true master, you h to learn to let go. That's why, unlike Eastern forms of Tantra, sex mag emphasizes that it is very important for the male not to withhold ejaculation. the end, the ultimate act is to surrender, to let go of everything.

What is sex magick?

Christopher Hyatt: Sex magick is a way of helping to transform the sex dri the sex instinct, into something more human, something not just compulsive b something that integrates both the conscious will and the unconscious drive. the psychological level sex magick does several things: It teaches you how focus your mind; it teaches you how to concentrate; it teaches you how meditate. It teaches you how to control yourself up to a point and then let g completely.

Sex magick energizes the unconscious archetypes because it allows you explore them not just verbally, not just passively, not just through art, but b bringing them into "living reality" within your own mind, and within the mind another person. And you do it together. By performing certain neo-Reichia exercises, or bio-energetic exercises, or chakra exercises, you begin to loose up the body; you begin to loosen up the emotions, and you begin to free th energies. Then you're able to condition these energies to your own symbo rather than to the symbols that other people are making for you.

How so?

Christopher Hyatt: Through the creation of a talisman in relationship to th lovemaking. In other words, a third object is charged with the "energy" from the passion, and that third object becomes a symbol of that passion. It becomes a symbol of the gods or goddesses that are involved during the lovemaking. Once you move a third component into a dual relationship, everything begins to change. Then instead of competing with each other, or serving each other, two individuals begin to serve a third component, which, in Western Tantra or Sex Magick is the so-called god or goddess. In a lot of ways, people who practice that type of relationship have more love, because the love is not as specific. It's not hooked up with the little homunculus that I talked about earlier.

When you talk about sex magick you make the distinction between it and Eastern Tantra. Most of our readers probably know a little something about that. But what you're talking about is new to me. What are its origins?

Christopher Hyatt: In Western myth, we can trace sex magick all the way back to the Greeks. But the more up-to-date version supposedly begins with the Knights Templar. Whether that's true or not, I don't know. But there were a number of other Orders that we can be more certain of. I believe one 18th Century order was called the Knights and Nymphs of the Rose. In recent history the O.T.O., of which Aleister Crowley became the head, is based on sex magick. Its most guarded secret is how its particular form of sex magick is performed. One never reveals it. It's relegated to a certain degree within the O.T.O.

In many ways Wilhelm Reich had the key to it. Reichian psychotherapy taught passion. It taught total orgasm, not just an orgasmic reflex of coming. There are very few people in this culture who have true orgasms. They ejaculate, but they do not have true, complete, psycho-spiritual-body orgasms where nothing is held back, where everything is gone.

So you see, from a certain psychological point of view, sex magick can be used as a form of psychosexual healing. I'm understandably reluctant to use the words "psychosexual" and "psychology" because these words are owned by the state. The state regulates what can be called sex therapy and what can't. Sex therapy, as accepted by the state, is behavioral modification. It's purpose is not

Christopher Hyatt continued on page 103

Christopher Hyatt

continued from page 80

liberation but teaching people with sexual difficulties how to behave and have regular orgasms. Consequently, you really can't practice Reichian therapy safely any more.

When I was thinking about going back into practice, I talked to one of the lawyers who's in charge of one of the state organizations, and he said, "Well, if you want to do Reichian therapy, go right ahead. But if you're called into a court room, just imagine what the jury would say when you told them you had a patient laying on the couch half naked and you were performing all these acts—not sex acts by any means, but bodily acts and bodily motions that had sexual overtones. Imagine how you would look and how long you would keep your license."

I'll confess that, though I've heard a lot about Reichian therapy, I don't know much about it. Could you illuminate me?

Christopher Hyatt: Well, Reichian therapy was developed by Wilhelm Reich. He had a concept called "orgone" which was a hypothetical construct that cannot be proved or disproved by my standards. What he practiced was a form of opening up the body to itself to remove psychological, emotional, and physical blocks to the free flow of what he called orgone. I would simply call it life force or energy. The therapy was both verbal and nonverbal. The person would lie on a couch. Reich would have them make certain movements and hope to create a total reflex so that when there was an orgasm, there was not just an orgasm focused mostly in the genitals or on the surface of the body, but it was a total orgasm. It contained all the muscles. That's what he taught. And that was the closest thing that had anything to do with healthy sexuality in Western culture. The only real key to sexuality that psychology had was Reich. Now those brave souls out there who are still practicing Reichian therapy are taking their license and their home and their family and placing them in jeopardy.

So, what do we do if we want to turn sex into sex magick?

Christopher Hyatt: First of all, you make a commitment to explore. You set aside a day or two a month to practice ritualized sex. You set up a room, make certain preparations as discussed in the books I have written with Lon Milo DuQuette. It's sort of like your true temple. You're temple is in your home and in your body and in your sexuality and in your heart and in your mind. That's what sex magick is all about. The best thing is that you're the priest and the priestess. That's the important thing to remember. It's you who's invoking god. To paraphrase Crowley, each man has to find his own true purpose and do it. And each woman has to do the same thing. That's why he said that every man and every woman is star. They each have their own paths to follow. ♀

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BOOKS

The Sexuality of the Middle Path → "Secrets of Western Tantra"
by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
Falcon Press, 1989
220 pp; $12.95

In his book, *Beyond Good and Evil*, the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche suggests that "sexuality is at the very root of spirituality." Though the concept itself is not new, rarely has it been given such care and outright practical application as it has in *The Secrets of Western Tantra*. Here, the audacious author of *Undoing Yourself* synthesizes actual techniques and principles from global tantric traditions to form what he calls a "new sexual ecology," a non-competitive sexual athic for those who are now ready to put to creative use "one of the most powerful forces on the planet." Conspicuously missing, however, are the very dogmas these traditions are known for; the beauty of this system is that you do not have to believe in it for it to work.

This "sexuality of the middle path" is a method for bypassing the dualistic split of too much sexual repression and/or indulgence now characterizing our current cultural ethos around sex. As such, Hyatt's conscience is far more empathic about Goddess worship than patriarchal Christian morality, yet is not without due respect to Christ Consciousness itself. According to the author, there is no genuine sexual fulfillment without complete *chaotic orgasm*, or orgasmic response, emerging from the unity of sex and love. Wilhelm Reich's research into the "function of the orgasm" and Rajneesh's "chaotic meditation practices" are obvious influences, yet Hyatt's own Chakra Therapy dominates in its deliberate activation of the body's energy centers for the purpose of psycho-spiritual awakening and sexual healing.

What is most surprising about *The Secrets of Western Tantra* is the dangerous lucidity by which its author approaches the most complex of human experiences, namely, sexual bonding and intimacy. Upon reading it through, one has the distinct and sometimes disquieting sensation of being spoken to directly. I heartily agree with Robert Anton Wilson when he states in the preface, "Like a loaded gun, this book should be treated with great respect." Sometimes, I wondered if such potent information was safe enough for just anybody to read. Dr. Wilson then goes on to describe how "the only truly revolutionary act today is to tell the truth about everything."

The meditations, techniques, and rituals in The *Secrets of Western Tantra* are well-structured and—there are many. Each comes complete with precautionary and preparatory measures before inviting readers into the explicit, step-by-step tantric initiations. There are no photos, pictures, or illustrations; Dr. Hyatt is serious enough to leave the imagination intact. In addition to integrating the chakra energy system, *Secrets* gives an entirely novel and fascinating context to the use of Tarot. Here, the four suits and the major arcana mirror the multiple stages of evolution released into consciousness as a result of ongoing tantric practice. The benefit is immediate and obvious; by meditating on a specific card at a particular time our own internal process is reflected back to us and thus opened to integration.

This book isn't entirely hedonically biased; Hyatt shows us Life After Bliss. One of the potential results of practicing *Secrets of Western Tantra* is the creation of what is obscurely known in Western Hermetic traditions as the Magickal Child—or the midwiving of human genius. I suspect these chapters will elicit the most controversy amongst readers and non-readers alike. This is, in part, due to Hyatt's own force of rage at the emotional damage most children suffer in being pressured to sacrifice their individual integrity while "growing up." Intentional conception, childbirth, and upbringing form the base for the ongoing ritual of this Life Work. Even though the Magickal Child has never before been given as much published detailed attention, it clearly merits an entire book to itself. In *Secrets of Western Tantra*, it provides a necessary capstone to a temple disguised as a book. As such, its readers are expected to act like priests and priestesses devoted to the third point of divinity between them.

—reviewed by Antero Alli

Antero Alli is the author of Astrologik, Angel Tech, *and other books on mystical realism.*

ANGELS & BAD ASSES

Queer as Fuck My Arse

Whatever your attitude or political stance as regards the Q word, you've got to admit it rolls nicely off the tongue. It's that hard Kay sound that makes you wanna put your lips together and blow. K-WEER. Mmmm. But like queen, quest, quirt, and quench there is more to queer than the sheer pleasure that many Q words give. This relentless (gay) media bombardment, this so called 'debate' around a mythical 'Queer Politics' is entirely fallacious. I mean, its basic English, innit? Queer is an adjective and the white boys are trying to make it into a noun. A person, place or thing that all equals a political stragegy for the boys by the boys. Yeah, I loved the QUEER AS FUCK T-shirts, and Homocult's FAG BOY DYKE STUD Club Cards. The Homocult party crew even seemed to take on lesbian sex, in fact S&M and sexy dykes were a fab propaganda tool, eh? For a brief moment I believed that Queer as a concept might even be a verb, an *action*, that would include lesbians and others who were disenchanted by our 'Gay Community'. An action that could make a dent in gay men's misogyny. However it now looks like it was merely a clever marketing tool. The Pink Pound's latest triumph. You bought the T shirt, read the book, now here's the video.

Let's talk a bit about power. Money is power and this white girl ain't got none. Words are Power, but the MMM (Male Media Mafia) has that sewn up, tight. The Pink Paper wants us to believe they are the progressive gay and lesbian free sheet. That they really care about lesbians. Give me a break. Are any dykes involved in Mind Master? (Mind Master are the publishing moguls behind The Pink Paper, Boyz and the Angel Cafe in London). Capital Gay and Gay Times make no such claims and so we are grateful for the few crumbs they do throw our way. The editors of the Gay and Out sections of London's two listing magazines, Time Out and City Limits are both men, although City Limits does have a lesbian Co-Editor. Before you despair look on the bright side, we still have QUIM, the one and only lesbian magazine in Britain. The one that our Gay Community Bookshops; Gays the Word, Silvermoon and Sisterwrite refuse to stock. And of course over a year later these same bookshops, refuse to stock LOVEBITES (and the last issue of QUIM); as they hide behind the cloak of the Obscene Publications Act which they hope will conceal their dagger of moral righteousness. Am I making myself clear? Ask yourself, why isn't this an issue with groups like OUTRAGE?. Don't they purport to support lesbian issues?. In fact, have there been any OUTRAGEous actions that address lesbian concerns? The insidious and underhanded censorship of lesbian sexual materials by our own communities is a civil rights issue that ought to concern all of us. Why do we just take it? Where is the moral outrage of lesbians? When Camille Paglia asked why after 6 years of ON OUR BACKS lesbian writing and photography wasn't better I had to laugh. How can it even begin to get better if BIG SISTER & BIG BROTHER won't even let us see it on the rare occasions it is produced?! It isn't possible to improve on something you don't have in the first place.

If the 90s is to be the QUEER DECADE there's a few major behavioural adjustments we have to make. So if you want to call yourself Queer, that's fine. I'm a pussy licking scdomite myself. Because until the white boys are prepared to give it up they can fuck my fat dyke ass. Or I'll fuck theirs. Now *that* would be queer.

DELLA GRACE

From Quim 4, dyke/SM mag with unbeleivable pix, typography, writing. Well worth £4.50; from BM 2182, London, WC1N 3XX.

KATHY ACKER

GROWING-UP FEMALE IN AMERICA

★★★

JEAN-PIERRE VOYER

REICH

How To Use

"The thing contains in its second part, in an extraordinarily dense but relatively popular form, quite a few novelties which anticipate my book (1)*, while at the same time necessarily barely touching on quite a few others. Do you think it's a good idea to preview such subjects in this sort of way?"*

Marx to Engels, June 24, 1865.

I. The Notion of Character according to Reich

> *"To find love in Paris, one has to go down to the classes where the absence of education and of vanity and the struggle with real needs have left more energy. To show a great unsatisfied desire is to show one's inferiority, an impossibility in France except for those beneath everything. . . . Hence, the exaggerated praises of girls in the mouths of young men afraid of their hearts."*
>
> Stendhal, *On Love.*

Reich, as a result of his practical and theoretical struggle against resistances in analysis, came to conceive of character (character neurosis) as the very form of those resistances (2).

In contrast to the symptom — which must be considered as a production and concentration of character and which is felt as a foreign body, giving rise to an awareness of illness — the character trait is organically embedded in the personality. The fact that consciousness of the illness is absent is a fundamental symptom of character neurosis. An explanation of this degradation of individuality cannot appear except within an attempt to communicate, in this case within the analytic technique itself. However unilateral this technique may be, it had to rapidly reveal character for what it is: a defence against communication, a failure of the faculty of encounter. This is the price paid for the primary function of character, the defence against anxiety (3). There is no need to dwell on the origin of anxiety, on its causes and their permanence. Let us simply say that the particular form of one's character is a pattern that takes shape before the tenth year; which is no surprise to anyone.

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1. The Institute of Contemporary Prehistory is presently preparing an *Encyclopedia of Appearances: Phenomenology of the Absence of Spirit.*

2. *Character Analysis*, 1927-33. (Noonday, 1972.)

3. The critical situation in which the magnitude of this price is truly revealed is love. It remains Reich's merit to have shown that character defence against anxiety is paid for in this situation by an incapacity for tenderness, which he labels, unfortunately, "orgastic impotence." At this level, character is [illegible] symptom.

recognized as a social plague, and thus why it is lastingly effective. This set-up produces damaged individuals, as stripped as possible of intelligence, sociability, and sexuality, and consequently truly independent from one another; which is ideal for the optimum functioning of the automatic system of the circulation of commodities. The energy which the individual could use to recognize and be recognized is *harnessed* to the character, that is to say, employed to neutralize itself.

In all of the societies in which modern conditions of production prevail, the impossibility of living takes individually the form of death, of madness, or of character. With the intrepid Dr. Reich, and against his horrified recuperators and vilifiers, we postulate the pathological nature of *all* character traits, that is to say of all chronicity in human behavior. What is important to us is not the individual structure of our character, nor the explanation of its formation, but *the impossibility of its application to the construction of situations.* Character is therefore not simply an unhealthy excrescence which could be treated separately, but at the same time an individual remedy in a globally ill society, a remedy which enables us to bear the illness while aggravating it. People are to a great extent accomplices in the reigning spectacle. *Character is the form of this complicity.*

We hold that people can only dissolve their character in contesting the entire society (this is in opposition to Reich insofar as he envisages character analysis from a specialized point of view); whereas on the other hand, the function of character being accommodation to the state of things, its dissolution is a preliminary to the global critique of society. We must destroy this vicious circle.

Global contestation begins with the critique in acts of wage labor (4), in accordance with a first principle beyond discussion: "Never work." The qualities of adventure absolutely essential for such an enterprise lie exclusively outside character. Character is the downfall of those qualities. The problem of opposing the entire society is thus also the problem of the dissolution of character.

II. Its Application to the Spectacle Effect

> *"The truest and most important concepts of the epoch are measured precisely by the organization around them of the greatest confusion and the worst misrepresentation. . . . Vital concepts know simultaneously the truest and the most false uses . . . because the struggle between critical reality and the apologetic spectacle leads to a struggle over words. . . . It is not the authoritarian purge which reveals the truth of a concept, but the coherence of its use, in theory and practical life."*
>
> *Internationale Situationniste*, #10.

Public: *pertaining to all of a people.*
Publicité: *public notoriety; the character of that which is put in the presence of the public; the state of that which belongs to the public* (5).

Dictionnaire Larousse du XX^e siècle.

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4. While Reich concluded in a very ambiguous manner that character was an obstacle to work, we hold that character is an obstacle to the *critique* of work.

5. Note that this last meaning, which makes for some fundamental plays on words in the original French text, is not present in the English word "publicity." Extracts of a letter from the author to the translator, in which he excellently elucidates this and some other aspects of his text, are available from our Bureau on request. (K.K.)

idea of its suppression (6). This is how *spirit* comes to men (and to girls too). Misery is always the misery of publicity. It is necessary, therefore, to seek the reasons for the persistence of misery in that which causes the misery of publicity.

Fetishism is the misery of publicity. It is the very form of social separation. Wherever there is opposition between individuals and the totality *of them and their relations*, this opposition takes the form of fetishism of the totality. Opposition between the whole and individuals takes place by *means* of parts of the whole which appear to be isolated, or which maintain illusory relations with the whole and with each other (7). Deceived consciousness is the fundamental moment of fetishism. With it, things become what they seem. The absence of consciousness takes the form of consciousness.

The fetishism of the commodity is concentrated in its value. It would have taken Marx the thousands of pages of *Capital* to get to the bottom of the reality of this fetish. It is the yoke of value that weighs down human brows, be they bourgeois, bureaucratic, or proletarian. Value is the relation between two quantities. What is more fantastic than that here and now *x* pounds of carrots are worth *y* fifths of wine or even *z* minutes of hairdressing? Value is here and now the exorbitant autonomy of the commodity. It is dangerous to steal, loot, or burn! It's even more dangerous to never work! Value exerts itself implacably (8), while the deceived gaze only meets things and their prices!

In the nineteenth century, with the achieved opposition between the life of the individual and the life of his species (on the one hand daily life, on the other the automatic circulation of commodities), all hopes are allowed. (Those of Hegel and those of Marx.) At this stage, things are clear: daily life is *nothing*, circulation is *everything*. The nothingness of daily life is a *visible* moment of the whole of circulation. Fetishism scarcely deceives anyone but the dominant class and its toadies. Several times the proletariat launches an assault on the totality, and the publicity of misery came very close to triumphing over the misery of publicity.

Today, things have changed considerably. The modernization of the struggles of the oppressed, and above all their incompletion, has brought about, since 1930, the rapid modernization of fetishism by the dominant class and its State. The rise of *scientific fetishism* was rather striking: New Deal, Bolshevism, and National Socialism simultaneously. This modernization consists essentially of *depriving* daily life of what was left to it: its negativity, that is to say the publicity of its misery, the publicity of its nullity. The secret of the misery of daily life is the real State secret. It is the keystone completing the edifice of separation which is also in fact the edifice of the State.

The spectacle, or scientific development of fetishism, is nothing but the private property of the means of publicity, the State monopoly of appearances. With it, only the circulation of commodities remains public. The spectacle is nothing but the circulation of commodities absorbing all available means of publicity, thus condemning misery to invisibility. The spectacle is the secret form of public misery, where value operates implacably while the deceived gaze only meets things and their use.

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6. The reader will have recognized class consciousness here. He will therefore not confuse it with the spectacle of misery which is the *advertising* version of the publicity of misery.

7. Alas! the opposition of the whole to individuals takes place only by *means* of parts of the whole. When the opposition of individuals to the totality becomes "total," things become totally clear.

8. The worker has the same advantage over the rich as the slave over the master. The slave knows fear; the worker, a living commodity, knows value.

value never appears. This is the spectacle of the invisibility of value. This "natural" invisibility constitutes the fundamentally spectaclist tendency of circulation which the bourgeoisie will be able to exploit in the scientific development of fetishism. As long as value does not become public in a different way, circulation is able to appear as a carnival of use. (Principally the use of money, needless to say.) From this, one easily understands the entrancement of the spectator confronted daily by value. This is the spectacle effect. It forestalls all ideas; everything seems accomplished. It forbids all recognition; the miserable being sees himself as the only miserable being. The use of money appears as itself the instrument of the abolition of value. The peak of inversion. This is how spirit does not come to men (nor to girls, which is even more regrettable).

From his front row seat, Wilhelm Reich couldn't avoid being struck by the role played by character as anti-individual structure in the magnificent Nazi stage setting (9). He leaves the farcical question "Why do workers revolt?" to the psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, sociologists, and other servants of the spectacle, in order to pose the fundamental question: "Why don't they revolt?" (10). He attributes the submission to the crushing of the individual by character. This is hardly contestable. Necessary but insufficient. To say that this society hasn't got an intrinsically spectaclist tendency is the same as saying that the spectacle is the magnum opus of the ruling class alone. That would be giving them too much credit! We know that the ruling class is the chief victim of its own illusions. It follows the trend.

We have demonstrated above the rationale of this tendency. Aside from that, character is undeniably real. It reveals itself clinically. It is necessary now to know exactly what is analyzed in character analysis, once its insufficiency as separate notion is recognized. As a separate notion, it is nothing but one more fetish.

Our thesis is as follows. The quantitative reigns. All human relations are governed by the relation of quantity to quantity, but nonetheless appear as *pure* human relations; or better, the deceived gaze only meets things and their prices. We have rapidly reviewed the spontaneously spectaclist effect of that "natural" given which is the invisibility of value. For all that, value never ceases to be lived by each person as the ineluctable necessity of his daily life. We have seen that this *lived secret* completed the spectaclist tendency of commodity circulation. What is it that Reich clinically detects which he labels "character"? We maintain that it is *vaine*, as inhuman necessity and otherwise invisible, that is grasped by this approach. It is even, up till now, the only concrete way of approaching value as secret misery of individuality. Under this form, Reich tracked down *the unconscious*, its misery and its miserable repressive maneuvers, which only draw their force and their magical pomp from the dominion of value over daily life. It is only because the universal socialization of human relations has taken the *unique form* of value, which is *their negation*, that authentic human relations, sanctioned by pleasure, are preserved (11) in this socialization as *natural relations* (and thus illicit and clandestine ones) between man and man, since all sociality, all humanity, is occupied (in the colonialist sense) by value, the only licit socialization. That which tends to escape

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9. *What is Class Consciousness?* 1934. (In *Sex-Pol*, Vintage, 1972.) In this little work, Reich attains the height of leninist naiveté. Despite his denials, he extols specialized historical knowledge to the hilt. One even finds a curious sketch of the maoist conception of education as spectacle of misery.
The Mass Psychology of Fascism, 1933-34. (Noonday, 1971.) *Mass Psychology* and *Dialectical Materialism* are indelibly scarred by a mechanistic conception of instincts.

10. *Dialectical Materialism and Psychoanalysis*, 1929. (In *Sex-Pol.*)

11. According to the principle: "That which is not superseded rots, that which rots incites to supercession" (Vaneigem).

the law of value thus takes the form of the *natural*, that is to say *by definition* that which escapes the mastery of humanity.

In his third Philosophical Manuscript, Marx measures the humanity of man, his socialization, by the degree of socialization of that "immediate, natural, and necessary" relationship of human being to human being: the relationship between man and woman. Value as universal socialization, as sole and inverted form of humanity, is also in fact the impossibility of socializing this relationship; which relationship *remains*, therefore, "the most natural," that is to say the most frustrated by the reigning social organization. Within the bosom of universal socialization by value, this naturalness becomes increasingly identical to its degree of decay (11), by the same token that the degree of naturalness of the Nambikwara Indians within the bosom of our civilization tends to equal the degree of their extermination. This degree of decay — psychosis, neurosis, character — as index of the non-socialization, of the non-humanity of man, is the *real* object of psychoanalysis. That old swine Freud went so far as to identify this degree of naturalness with "savagery," and this socialization inverted by value with "civilization." Psychoanalysis was and will be the paleontology of this prehistory.

We support our thesis, still purely theoretical, with the following clinical observation: If, for one reason or another, the individual's character is dissolved, the phenomenal spectacular form of the totality is dissolved in its pretension to pass for the absence of value. Thus we have established, negatively for the moment, an identity between character and the spectacle effect. Whether the subject sinks into madness, practices theory, or participates in an uprising (12), we have ascertained that the two poles of daily life — contact with a narrow and separate reality on one hand, and spectacular contact with the totality on the other — are simultaneously abolished, opening the way for the unity of individual life which Reich unfortunately labels "genitality." (We prefer *individuality*.)

The works of Reich are the first since Marx that concretely shed light on alienation. The theory of the spectacle is the first theory since Marx that aims explicitly at being a theory of alienation. The synthesis of these two methods leads to some immediate consequences which we will develop in our forthcoming work.

First of all, we maintain that the practice of theory doesn't distinguish itself from the genitality conceived by Reich. Theory becomes continous knowledge of secret misery, of the secret of misery. It is also, therefore, of itself the end of the spectacle effect. The spectacle being the secret form of public misery, its effect ceases when the secret ceases. Its effect lies in its secret. Thus theory becomes increasingly identical to lived possibility (as opposed to probability, which is lived as doubt or indifference). Theory is *life* when everything is possible. It ceases to exist from the moment it makes a mistake, and finds itself thrown back into boredom, into the spectacle effect. Theory, when it exists, is therefore certain of not being wrong. It is a subject devoid of error. Nothing deceives it. The totality is its sole object. Theory knows misery as secretly public. It knows the secret publicity of misery. All hopes are permitted it. Class struggle exists.

The spectacle is the absence of spirit; character is the absence of theory.

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12. The year 1968 in France has provided us with abundant and most diversified data.

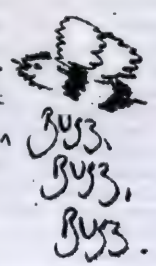
The proletariat will be visible or it will be nothing. The proletariat *lives* in its own visibility. The organization of the proletariat is the organization of its visibility. The global practice of the proletariat will be its *permanent publicity* or nothing. Hitler, the Leninists and the Maoists understood this so well that they organized the visibility of the proletariat *by force*. A more ambitious capitalism wishes to realize the visibility of the *abolished* proletariat.

Of itself, the visibility of misery is not the proletariat. Necessary but insufficient. The proletariat requires that the visibility of misery be public. The critique must be at once theory of publicity (of visibility) and publicity (visibility) of theory. *Its aim* must be *to make sure of its own publicity*. It is when it's public that it doesn't go wrong. It is *not* the theory of publicity if it doesn't ensure its own publicity. Indeed, it is the peak of absurdity for a theorist of publicity not to be able to ensure the publicity of his theory.

The proletariat is the finally realized unity of the theory of publicity and the publicity of theory.

We think these insights are superior to everything that a Lukács was able to say about class consciousness. They certainly have the advantage of brevity. As the *ad men* know, brevity is essential in publicity. ("Are you man enough for Granny Goose?" — One could not be briefer in contempt.) What they cannot imagine is that publicity will be even briefer at the moment of a Strasbourg of the factories. Visibility will flash like lightning, fire like a gun and rise like the sun, or it will not be.

For the moment our formulas may have only brevity in their favor. It may perhaps be necessary to introduce into them the concepts "Granny Goose" or "Potato Chips" in order for them to know their total clarity. A day will come, soon, when all the potato chips of the Earth will no longer be able to smother the meeting of the theory of publicity and the publicity of theory.



Reich: Mode d'Emploi, by Jean-Pierre Voyer of the Institut de Préhistoire Contemporaine (Boîte Postale 20-05, Paris), was originally published in November 1971, as both a brochure and a wall poster, by Editions Champ Libre (46 rue de la Montagne Ste-Geneviève, Paris).

Translated by Ken Knabb.

Bureau of Public Secrets
P.O. Box 1044, Berkeley, California 94704.

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SEX WAR

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

"Eliminating pornography does not eliminate deep-seated misogyny and alienation from women that is felt in the dominant male culture."

JIM JONES

The debate over pornography has focused almost exclusively on heterosexual pornography produced by and for men. And let's face it, most of this porn is sexist and demeaning. In response to this, several feminist groups including Women Against Violence in Pornography and the Media (WAVPM), Women Against Pornography (WAP), and the Pornography Resource Center (PRC), have sought to restrict or ban the sale of it.

These women, while well-intentioned, are a bit naive if they think pornography is something which can be legislated away. If feminist goals are to educate and sensitize men toward understanding who women are and what they desire, simply banning pornography through an act of law will accomplish little. Attempts in recent years to pass anti-pornography bills in Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Cambridge have failed not only to decrease the amount of pornography consumed, but also to deal with the much deeper gender issues which create a pornographic industry that women find so disturbing. Eliminating pornography does not eliminate deep-seated misogyny and alienation from women that is felt in the dominant male culture. Nor will it not stop rapes or attacks on women.

An even more significant issue ignored by anti-porners is how women express their sexuality and how this figures into anti-porn legislation. To listen to feminists like Andrea Dworkin of the PRC (instrumental in the Minneapolis pornography legislation), all pornography reduces women to cunts. One wonders if she is willing to include in this condemnation pornography written by women. We do not hear much from these groups of the long and illustrious history of women who write pornography/erotica for themselves, for other women, and for men. Does their act of creation betray their sex?

By flatly disapproving of pornography, women like Dworkin perpetuate the Victorian myth of females as sexless creatures--people without forbidden desires, fetishes, and erotic fantasies.

This last issue ties in closely with a third point that I feel feminists have not effectively dealt with in their attack on pornography. If we accept that everyone has forbidden fantasies, then we must begin to examine how these fantasies are currently dominated by straight men's porn. If we look at women's and homosexual porn, we see images as degrading as those found in the dominant culture. Rather than ban porn, feminists need to concentrate on altering our definition of it by creating erotic alternatives to these images.

CENSORSHIP IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM

In 1983 the PRC drafted an anti-pornography law for Minneapolis which characterized pornography as anything in which "women are presented as dehumanized sexual objects, things or commodities" (section i) and in which "women are presented being penetrated by objects or animals" (section vi). The law was worded such that any woman who found a depiction of women offensive could have the bookstore /magazine shop which sold it raided, and the publishers sued for distributing pornographic material. To create public sympathy for the law, the PRC staged several town meetings and "events" which drew the local tv and newspapers' attention to pornography and its effects on women. According to the PRC the intent of the media circus which resulted was to create a "socially constructed sexuality." In fact what it did was to create an atmosphere of hysteria against pornography.

The height of the debate came when a previously institutionalized woman set herself afire in protest against porn inside a news shop that summer. The media ate it up. Those opposed to the law (mainly the gay community and the ACLU) were lost in the smoke produced by women burning porno on the city hall steps.

The city of Indianapolis was also a pioneer in the anti-porn battle. In 1984 it had a strict anti-porn law on the books. One of the first places that got closed down as a result of the law was a gay book store--obviously this was an attack on the rights of gays and had little to do with protecting women. One must remember that even if anti-pornography laws are passed, they must be enforced by the straight male dominated police and courts. Rather than protect women's rights, the Indianapolis law enabled the police to eliminate the first amendment rights of another group discriminated against. Fortunately, in 1986 the U.S. Supreme Court declared the Indianapolis law unconstitutional.

Feminist groups which have tried to outlaw pornography have skirted the issue of constitutional rights in the naive belief that an absence of pornography will prevent men from committing sexually violent crimes against women. This argument recently got a boost with the execution of Ted Bundy. Bundy, in his final days, told psychologist Dr. James Dobson that pornography was responsible for his sadistic torture and murder of women. Dobson who centered the interview around the theme of pornography, announced to the world proof of the role porn plays in acts of violence against women. Yet there are several problems with Dobson's conclusion. First of all Bundy was a psychopath who was an expert at looking and sounding sincere when he thought it could gain from it. It seems from Dobson's question that Bundy was merely responding with the answer the doctor wanted to hear. Even if what Bundy said was true, would the elimination of pornography from his life have prevented him from becoming a killer? The cross-cultural evidence seems to suggest otherwise. Would have been just as ruthless. If you consider that there are a number of Western European countries with much more lenient laws regarding pornography with much less of a problem with sexually violent crimes, then it appears that America's problem with violence against women is much more cultural rooted than Penthouse or Hustler.

Susan Gubar, the feminist critic, suggests that studying pornography may actually be helpful in understanding the broader sexism and objectification that goes on in the culture. Pornography, after all, merely a distortion of what the culture value reproduces on a less elevated level and with less exclusive circulation what the artist, the advertiser, writer does in mainstream culture. Perhaps we should be less concerned about identifying and banning pornography in dirty book stores and begin looking the political and sexual domination of women which everyone consumes and rarely questions.

CAUGHT LOOKING

At the center of the philosophy of Capitalism is the idea of objectification. Every time we eat at restaurant we are buying the services of a waiter, cook, and a dishwasher so that we do not have work. Since the idea of slavery is now anathema our culture, we justify this activity by paying servitude. We tend to think of servants as non-people, rarely dwelling on who they are, what their lives are like, etc. We are busy fulfilling our own needs and desires, and to actively treat those who serve

ing more than animated objects would impose on pleasure.

Pornography, of course, is a much cruder form of the same idea. We pay twenty dollars for fuck magazines so we can masturbate over women whom we do not have to think of as fully human. We do not have to deal with post-coital arguments, bad breath, children interrupting us, mortgage payments. We are having sex with an adolescent fantasy of a woman--a sex-starved nymph who will disappear once we have cum and are done with her."

This is not a particularly pleasant facet of most personalities, but my question to feminists is do women think any differently? If male fantasies of domination and conquest are a product of our phallocentric, capitalist culture, are not women exposed to the same influences?

I think if we examine women's popular culture we will find in it a pornography of their own--a pornography just as degrading (to women) as what men consume.

How many times have you walked through a supermarket checkout line and been faced with book covers of bare-chested men leaning domineeringly over delicate women in peasant blouses half-pulled from their torsos?

Women have been writing sexual fiction for as long as women have written. Of course as cultural standards have changed, the amount of sex in these books has increased. Today many of the best selling authors--Jackie Collins, Judith Krantz, Danielle Steele--write a kind of porno-capitalist-romance novel that is consumed almost exclusively by women. As feminist critic Rosiland Coward writes, "Nothing could be further from the aims of feminism than these fantasies based on sexual, racial and class submission." She goes on to add that the plots of these works revolve around a heroine who "inevitably finds material success through submission and marriage." An excerpt from Rock Star, Jackie Collins' recent trashy best seller, gives us an insight into female fantasies which mirror male phallocentric thought:

"He (Phoenix) was naked, everything on show, and why not?--he certainly had nothing to hide. 'Beeg!' she exclaimed admiringly, which of course made him bigger."

The intent of looking at such works as pornographic is not to chastise women for consuming a pornography of their own while attempting to control men's pornography. The point is that we all have fantasies which do not correspond to how we behave or would wish to be treated in reality. I doubt that any woman who reads "bodice rippers" actually wishes to be raped, although she may secretly enjoy a fantasy which describes one. The same is true for most men. Pornography is private. It goes on in a place that does not correspond to reality, and only someone who was already disturbed and unstable would confuse the two.

This is not to say that what men feel when they look at women in chains or draped decoratively over a car is good. Just as women fantasizing about being raped is not good. But it is there. Our popular culture provides it; we consume it. And you cannot control what goes on in people's minds without creating a world in which exploitation and dehumanization are much greater than what already exists.

The Real Comet Press in Seattle has published a book created by the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force (FACT) entitled Caught Looking, which rejoices in women's sexuality. The book is filled with pornographic images of women with men, women with women, women by themselves. The book is an attempt to reclaim sexuality and eroticism as places for women. By claiming this territory they hope to influence it, perhaps alter how we think about sex so that it is not purely a male fantasy of control or mutilation.

FOR MEN ONLY

Gays and PRC-style feminists have long been enemies on the issue of pornography. This is interesting given the similarities between the two groups. After having been oppressed for centuries, both women and gays have struggled, especially over the last 20 years, to create some public awareness of their plight. Both have been forced to create their own distinct cultures in order to preserve a space in which to examine who they are. And yet as I've looked at some of the products of those cultures--specifically women's popular fiction and gay pornography--I've noticed in both an acceptance of mainstream cultural values and prejudices.

By looking at the works of writers like Jackie Collins, it is clear that many women feel it is all right to create and consume erotica that degrades or insults women as long as it is written by other women. Gay men also create a kind of pornography that is violent and self-demeaning, yet is jubilantly consumed by other gays.

In many gay porno mags there are stories of men raping other men, usually a "straight" man or men raping a gay man, to the delight of the man who is raped. This kind of fantasy has about as much basis in reality as the sexual romances that women read.

I pulled from my stack of gay pornography a magazine published in January of 1987 entitled Stars. In it are two stories which involve rape fantasies, only one of which I will bother discussing here. The story, "Carpenter's Helper," involves a "straight" carpenter who rapes his client while refinishing his kitchen. (Only in gay porn!) The story raises several interesting questions about the raper and the first person narrator, who proxies for the reader in this fantasy. Right away gender roles are firmly established between the raper and the "victim." The raper, Tony, is all "hard-worked muscle," his voice is "deep, masculine," while the rapee is domestic and chatty, the "Helper."

Once it is established that Tony wants to have sex with the narrator, he whisks into action like the hero of a romance novel:

"Wordlessly, he grabbed hold of my arm and dragged me off to the bedroom. Once there, in a low, forceful voice he told me to strip.....'Suck it,' he said as a puckish smirk folded across his face.

"Tony was not the kind to be gentle...he was only interested in pleasing himself and only himself....I was likewise interested only in pleasing his every need."

Here the narrator is playing the "submissive" role. As with the heroine of the romance novel he finds that his pleasure comes from serving his man.

From this point the story only grows more humiliating for the narrator who delights in Tony's cruel treatment of him. Tony calls him "faggot," describes his butt as "pussy" and forces him to perform anal-oral sex on him. At one point the narrator screams at him, "Use my ass! Fuck my faggot asshole. Rape that hole." By uttering this, the narrator confirms Tony's (and the straight world's) opinion of him as someone deserving of rape.

I think what we see in this type of pornography is very similar to popular women's romances. The dominant culture has so thoroughly instilled a feeling of worthlessness in the narrator/reader that s/he incorporates that feeling into his/her sexual fantasies.

Yet I doubt the man who was raped last week two buildings away from my apartment would find the "Carpenter's Helper" a very erotic story. Just as I doubt any woman who has been raped or sexually molested finds "bodice rippers" stimulating.

Perhaps feminists who wish to ban pornography need to narrow their definition of it to that which is clearly created by a "them" against an "us." As it stands their failure to recognize and discuss other types of pornography ignores the universal human need for it. Because they do not recognize their own need for consumption, their attempts to ban porn will fail. And by focusing on only a part of what is pornographic in our culture, they miss the chance to recreate and claim pornography as their own. As long as the industry is controlled by those who have nothing in common with those it exploits, pornography will remain odious. And as long as pornography is defined in terms of what straight men do to images of women, then gay and women's porn will simply mirror those sadistic fantasies and reinforce self-loathing. Porn will not go away, nor should we try to make it go away; it simply needs a new mistress.

★★★

"By flatly disapproving of pornography, women like Dworkin perpetuate the Victorian myth of females as sexless creatures."

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OPEN LETTER FROM ANNIE SPRINKLE

Dear Sacred One,

I'm writing to you from the fabulous Sprinkle Salon in New York City. I send hard hugs, safe oral sex, massages and nose rubs.

Life is truely better than ever. My health is superb (except that I eat too many chocolate chip cookies), I have wonderful friends and family (I have excellent family values), I adore my work (89% of it), and feel a strong sens of purpose in my life.

My motto, 'LET THERE BE PLEASURE ON EARTH AND LET IT BEGIN WITH ME' is still my motto. Even after 20 years now, I still see the world through se colored glasses, and the view is incredible. The lenses get clearer. The frames more comfortable. My job seems more urgent than ever; to remind people that sex can be healthy, inspirational, extremely useful (refer to my 101 USES FOR SEX), liberating, and empowering, to name just a few. Did yo know that just thinking about sex can strengthen your immune system? It's scientifically proven! In this time of AIDS, political conservatism, and religious fanaticism there are many attempts to squelsh the message. But thank goodness I am not alone.

Now a bit about my latest projects and hobbies:

It looks as though my book, POST PORN MODERNIST will be reprinted wit in a few months. The first edition sold out so quickly! It will then be for sale (among other places) by mail order through THE SEXUALITY LIBRARY (121 Valencia St., S.F., Ca. 94110).I'll be making some improvements, but also I will have to (sadly) censor some pictures so we can get wider distribution. Seems that PISSING is a distribution NO-NO, so the six pissing photos have to go. Censored again!

I still do my live one woman show POST POST PORN MODERNIST, on occasi n. It's not as exciting to do as it once was, but it still holds up, and seem to be of great value to some people. HBO did a segment about me and the live show, which is running now days on a show called REAL SEX 4. They did a pretty good job, in spite of the fact that we filmed it in L.A. during the riots. We were very, very tense and concerned.

The video that I made with Maria Beatty, THE SLUTS AND GODDESSES VIDE WORKSHOP or HOW TO BE A SEX GODDESS IN 101 EASY STEPS, has been extremely wel recieved. It has played in all the top film and video festivals all around the world to PACKED houses, and is still going strong. We made it as a la of love, not as a commercial venture. But people seem to want to buy it, s now we decided to sell it mail order.(Not that we can't use the money...) Les Barany generously designed a slick 4 color cover for it, plus some of th better sex shops will sell it (Good Vibrations, Eve's Garden). Maria and I have begun working on our next tape together, GET TO KNOW YOUR PUSSY. Then the tape after will be ALL ABOUT ORGASM. A three part series! I love work n with Maria. We're a great team.

Since I took on the role of TEACHER during a ritual at the Wise Woman Center four years ago, I've been teaching quite a lot. Now I'm almost completely comfortable in the role. It was so much easier just being a party girl, but teaching has it's rewards. The Learning Annex has sponsored my class for women only HOW TO BE A SEX GODDESS IN 101 EASY STEPS, in L.A., San Diego, S.F., N.Y.C. and Toronto. I'm able to cram quite a bit in in ju three hours! It was a very great honor to be invited to teach BODY, HEART AND SOUL with in incomparable ALAN LOWEN (from Hawaii). He is a very enlightened human being, and so loving. We spent eight miraculous days by the beach in Austrailia, teaching 35 participants many wonderful things. I learned more than anyone! The experience was a highlight in my life, and the people really appreciated my expertise. I will also be teaching "TANTRA BASIC" with Deiter, who is a German guru, Sufi master, and therapis Another great honor. (My guardian angels are working overtime.) He invite me to co-lead a seven day retreat in Italy next year. It promises to be very powerful.

I'm happy that Jwala, my first Tantra teacher and good friend, is moving o N.Y.C. I owe her so much. She taught me how to feel more fully, to communicate more clearly, and taught me that spirituality can be sexy. She and will do our SACRED SEX weekend for women, which we have now perfected. The men who take it really love it. (Watch for the review in TANTRA Magazine.)

Joseph Kramer (my sacred lover, friend and teacher) has been teasing me with his toying with the idea of our teaching a week in the country together each year. He is doing such incredible work. I love him so very much. We have the same vision. He's also flirting with the idea of coming to live with me for few months which I would love. Could this be the start of the erotic community I've been dreaming of?

Just had my first apprentice! She spent a week with me for "slut training". The program was extremely successful, so I'm going to be accepting more apprentices in the future. This inspired me to create a new event, THE WHORE FOR A A WORKSHOP, which will premier on November 21st. It will be wild and fun.

The SPRINKLE SALON has been in full swing. I love creating a center for the sexual evolution, and having a hubbub of exotic, erotic activity in my home. The FEMALE TO MALE TRANSSEXUAL SOCIALS have been meeting here for 4 years now, and each meeting gets better and better. PONY (Prostitutes of NY) is now meeting here once a month. (I have taken on the responsibility of PONY magazine distribution. Let me know if you want copies, or have ideas for outlets.) I just started a new political action group, which meets at the Salon, called PSS (PORNOGRAPHERS PROMOTING SAFER SEX) I'm extremely excited about this group. It feels so good to take some action and pitch in some help in this AIDS crisis. For me, AIDS is an every day thing. It effects my community so strongly. How many more of us must die needlessly? I believe that pornography is the very best tool our world has to teach safe sex. It could influence millions of high risk people to use safe sex, therefore insure a safe and satisfying future for sex in the next generations. Also at the SALON are the Diane Torr and Johnny Armstrong workshops DRAG KING FOR A DAY. Girls, this one is a must if you haven't taken it already. It's hysterical and facinating to get together with a group of women and learn to act like and look like men.

Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be a painter. Finally that dream has come true. Ever since I discovered that I could use my breasts as paint brushes, I've been doing beautiful works of art. I call them "TIT PRINTS". Willem DeRidder, my darling soul mate of 14 years, helped me to develope the tit print techniques. We've had three gallery shows thus far, and have sold quite a few of the masterpieces. Prices range from $50. to $5,000. Call for an appointment. Serious collectors only!

Being interviewd for the book ANGRY WOMEN, which was published by ReSearch, has really been a boon to my career. Although there are quite a few misquotes, it's still pretty good. Because it goes into almost every college library, I'm getting a lot of invitations to lecture at Universities, which is great. Indoctrinate them while they're young.

Soon the film SACRED SEX will open in the USA, and don't miss it. It's a fantastic documentary, made by Cinthia Connop from Austrailia. Full of great messages, touching moments and useful information, I'm truely honored to be featured in this great movie. (I can hardly believe my luck!) IT's cumming to a theater near you. (Distributed by Mirimax.)

Other tid bits... I still don't have a computer or xerox machiene, but I did get a FAX (212-779-1865). I'm still a devoted deciple of Linda Montano, but also recently became a sanyasin of OSHO. Alan Lowen gave me sanyas, and my new name is MA PREM MAHAMUDRA, which means COSMIC ORGASM OF LOVE. I couldn't have asked for a better name. My best girl, Veronica Vera, is just great. Beautiful as ever. I've cut off all of my finger nails, now that I'm (mostly) a lesbian. To be honest, I don't have nearly as much partner sex as I'd like to have. So busy with all of the above! But the sex I do have is great. I've not only found my g-spot, I've learned to utilize it's full potential. Orgasms get longer I'm better at intimacy. Sex is more cosmic as I'm more aware of the constant sexual interaction between all living things (and non living too).

Don't forget to VOTE! Support vaginal pride. Keep it damp. I love you,

Annie Sprinkle

Produced and Directed by Maria Beatty & Annie Sprinkle

Music by Pauline Oliveros

THE SLUTS & GODDESSES

VIDEO WORKSHOP OR HOW TO BE A SEX GODDESS IN 101 EASY STEPS

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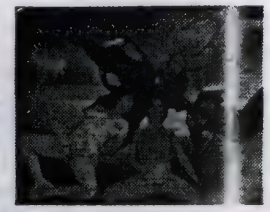
This video is a humorous, absurd, heartfelt and worshipful look at SEX. Guided through this unique adventure by sexpurt extraordinaire Annie Sprinkle and the "Transformation Facilitators", you will explore the ancient and forbidden knowledge about female sexuality.

This fresh and inspiring video features many exotic ways to stimulate sexual and sensual pleasure. You will encounter flagellation with oak leaves, Chinese sword dancing, striptease, body contortions, tattooing, piercing, shaving and gender-play. The mysteries of sex magic and female ejaculation will be revealed. You will learn about Tantric breathing, primal screaming, the joys of group masturbation while meditating, and not least of all, you will witness a profound five minute long orgasm!



Featuring ten magnificent, hot Goddesses, this tape is explicit and lavishly produced. Prepare for an "eye fuck"!

Challenging the boundaries of femininity, the "good girl"/"bad girl" myths as well as the sexual "norms", it is controversial and thought provoking and thus best viewed in a group. This insightful work of art will remind you that your sexuality is precious and sacred.

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Associate Producer	Leslie Barany
Assistant Director	Kathy High
Art Director/Stylist	Catou Guillaume
Screen Play	Annie Sprinkle

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PHOTOGRAPHY, AMY ANDREY • RETOUCHING, MARILYN HAWKRIDGE • PHOTO ART DIRECTION, LES BARANY • FLYER, CLIFF SCHWARTZ

This should go for all sexes. We all got chakras, no?

Hope this helps. Good luck.
♡ Annie

HOW TO HAVE ENERGY ORGASMS

Why have energy orgasms?
They clear out the body of stuck emotions, old hurts, energy blocks. They will clear the mind, energize the body, balance the chakras. Energy orgasms put a bounce in your step, can give you a more positive mental outlook and can be a very spiritual experience. They relax you, are a great substitute for harmful addictions, relieve stress. Plus it's a great party trick! Helps pre-orgasmic women become orgasmic. Helps orgasmic women be far more orgasmic.
What does an energy orgasm feel like? ADDS ENJOYMENT TO Partner sex
Incredible! Some are very strong, and some are more subtle. Generally the more time you put into building the energy, the more powerful the energy orgasm. You'll experience "electricity" shooting through your entire body. It feels very different than a genital orgasm, but it is as powerful, sometimes more powerful. You may feel high, euphoric, light headed. It's like being breathed by the forces of creation, and helps you remember who you really are beyond your every day reality.

How To Have An Energy Orgasm
Lay down on a firm surface (but not a bare floor). Get comfy. Bend your knees, feet flat down.

1. Take a few relaxing breaths. Empty your mind.
2. Begin to breathe deeply. Inhale through the nose, exhale through the mouth like you are blowing out birthday candles. Make it completely circular with no pauses between the inhales and exhales.
3. Rock your pelvis, where your lower back arches on the inhale, and flattens on the exhale. Squeeze the PC muscles (the muscles in the genitals) on the exhale. Inhale filling your belly like a baloon, exhale flatten your back and contract PC muscles. Repeat continuously. Your knees may open and close like butterfly wings. Let the breathing be erotic.
4. Begin to pull in energy (from the earth/atmosphere) into the perineum area (1st Chakra) Start to build "fire" between the perineum and pussy. Circulate the energy back and forth. Make it erotic. When this fire is well lit, go up to the belly area, circulating energy from perineum to navel. Pump energy up, go back down for more. Circulate until fire is burning brighter. (1st and 3rd chakras).
5. Go to next level. To the heart. Circulate from pussy to heart (2nd to 4th chakras), then navel to heart.
5. Circulate from navel to throat. When the energy moves up, you may automatically make sounds. If you don't, then actually make some sounds conciously, as this will open the throat center for energy to move freely (fake it til you make it). Keep circulating the energy until the throat feels full with the energy. Circulate from heart to throat.
6. Go to the next level,the forehead, or third eye center (5th chakra). Circulate heart to forehead. When ready, go on to throat to forehead.
7. Usuaslly the energy will then shoot out the top of the head and you will go into full body breath/energy orgasm.

Other things to know about energy orgasms.
Be patient. You may not experience the orgasm on your first try. For many people it takes many tries. Keep practicing. The breathing will help to clear out "the inner flute" so the orgasm energy will eventually pass through freely. Blocks can be experienced in many ways-- crying, gagging, feeling frustrated, old memories surfacing. Just keep breathing. Visualize releasing the old on the exhale, ringing in the new on the inhale.

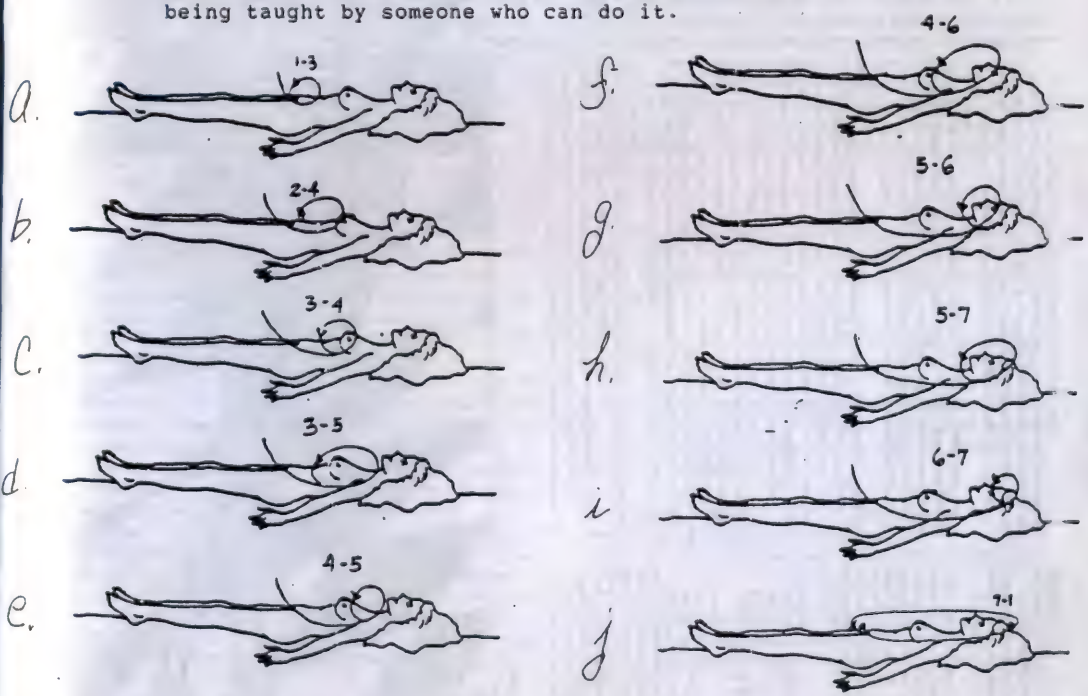
Energy may rise and fall like murcury in a thermometer. Just go back down to where it slipped and start again. Tap into your sexual center every so often.

If your PC muscles are out of shape, or feel crampy, don't work them so hard. Squeeze them every 3 or 4 breaths instead of every breath.

Use your hands to touch the centers you're circulating energy with. The hands help to guide the energy, creating pathways for it to follow.

This technique is based on the Fire Breath Orgasm, taught by Harley Swiftdeer, of the Deer Tribe. The Cherokees would do the firebreath orgasm technique in their ceremonies and was an important part of sex education and healing. He has reintroduced this powerful tool to thousands of people.

One of the most important keys to learning how to have energy orgasms is to KNOW THAT IT IS POSSIBLE. It is best learned by being taught by someone who can do it.



A Word (or Two) on Aphrodisiacs

from Dr. Ward Dean

Interviewed by John Morgenthaler

To counterbalance the rantings of this mad, sex-addicted hacker, we thought we'd get the opinions of a medical expert. The following is a brief interview with Ward Dean, M.D., co-author (with John Morgenthaler) of Smart Drugs and Nutrients: How to Improve Your Memory and Increase Your Intelligence Using the Latest Discoveries in Neuroscience. *(See the Summer 1990 issue of* MONDO 2000 *for an article by John Morgenthaler entitled "New Drugs That Make You Smart.")*

Dr. Dean is a physician and researcher in gerontology. The interview was conducted exclusively for MONDO 2000 *by John Morgenthaler.*

—Leila Mellow-Whipkit

MONDO 2000: Do Deprenyl, L-dopa and bromocriptine work as aphrodisiacs?

WARD DEAN: Nothing works for everybody, but all of these drugs have been reported to increase sexual desire or sexual performance in humans. This property was usually noted as an interesting side effect of studies evaluating the drugs' therapeutic efficacy in various disease conditions. Deprenyl, a new drug for the treatment of Parkinson's disease, is a particularly interesting drug. It retards the degeneration of the substantia nigra, the part of the brain where dopamine is made. Some scientists theorize that we would all get Parkinson's if we lived long enough.

Deprenyl also significantly increased the "mounting frequency" of old male rats compared to that of their aging counterparts who received only a placebo. Many of my patients have reported similar results. Deprenyl also extends the maximum life span of animals by up to 40%, the equivalent of a human living to be 170 years old. This is the first time that the maximum life span of any species has been extended through pharmacologic means. One or two 5-mg tablets a week of Deprenyl may be enough to extend your life span and increase your libido. However, too much Deprenyl, or the combination of Deprenyl with other dopaminergics, may cause too much dopamine release. So if people experiment, they should be extremely careful to adjust their dosages. *The Physician's Desk Reference* has information on the symptoms of too much dopamine listed under "Eldepryl," which is another name for Deprenyl.

M2: Dr. Dean, are Deprenyl, L-dopa, and bromocryptine safe to use as aphrodisiacs?

WD: Nothing is perfectly safe, but the doses people usually use for the aphrodisiac effects are generally safe. The doses of these drugs that are used therapeutically for various diseases are higher than those needed for aphrodisiac effects. So the incidence of side-effects when used for aphrodisiac or life-extension purposes is pretty low.

M2: Do you have any other hot tips on aphrodisiacs for our readers?

WD: Patients and other physicians have recommended a German-made herbal formula called *Zumba Forte* to me. It contains 0.3 mg of methyl testosterone and a combination of herbal extracts, including ginseng, yohimbine, and probably ten or twelve others. Its effects seem to improve as the individual continues taking it. Yohimbe, in fact, has recently been approved by the FDA as a male aphrodisiac and is available by prescription.

M2: What definitely doesn't work?

WD: That's difficult to say, since interest in sex is very susceptible to the placebo effect. Spanish fly (*Cantharides*) is absolutely *not* an aphrodisiac, but is an extremely dangerous poison and urinary tract irritant.

M2: We have been told by several women that Piracetam has an aphrodisiac effect on them. What do you know about that?

WD: That's news to me. I wouldn't be surprised though, because anything that improves brain function is probably going to improve sexual functioning.

Ward Dean, M.D., has been actively engaged in gerontological research for over 10 years, and has published more than 50 articles and reviews in professional journals. He now has a medical practice in Pensacola, FL.

Dr. Dean is the author of Biological Aging Measurement *and co-author of the forthcoming book,* A Hypothalamic Theory of Aging.

To order his books, send a personal check to B & J Publications, P.O. Box 483, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Or call 1-800-669-2030 for credit card orders (OPERATOR CANNOT ANSWER TECHNICAL OR MEDICAL QUESTIONS).

Smart Drugs & Nutrients *is $9.95 plus tax and shipping.*
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Drugs for Sex: Real Aphrodisiacs

By Leila Mellow-Whipkit

In newspapers (claim that there are no aphrodisiacs. The rest of the pure-sap media agree. The lesson here: if you want to know something, you gotta look it up for yourself.

Logging onto Knowledge Index (an inexpensive and easy-to-use online information service offered by Dialog), I queried the Medl-2 data base (Medline from 1966 to the present) for scientific research papers that included the word "libido." Medl-2 references have a descriptor field that contains a set of standardized indexing words. The descriptor for papers that deal with libido is SEX BEHAVIOR. I queried the service for papers containing the descriptors SEX BEHAVIOR and DRUG EFFECTS.

I found a lot of papers about a lot of different drugs. Here are a few for which I can provide sources:

L-dopa is an amino acid that the brain readily converts to dopamine. Dopamine is a neurotransmitter that is involved in emotion, aggression, and sexual turn-ons. For most people, there's a simple equation: more dopamine equals more libido.

In one L-dopa study, an 80-year-old man began having nocturnal emissions and erotic dreams, an 83-year-old woman began making suggestive remarks to hospital staff members, and most of the men in the study (mean age: 59) increased their sexual activity. Whew!

I take 325 mg of L-dopa every day, but then I'm my own research animal. I take it because I want to be more aggressive and horny, and it makes animals live longer than their litter mates . . . so what's not to like? Dark Pearson and Sandy Shaw told me to take antioxidants, including Vitamin E, with L-dopa or else it will metabolize into something nasty.

Then there's bromocriptine (or Parlodel) and Deprenyl. The combination of these drugs also increases brain levels of dopamine, though differently than L-dopa. Deprenyl is a selective inhibitor of an enzyme called monoamine oxidase, or MAO. MAO takes dopamine out of circulation at the synapse, so inhibiting MAO increases brain dopamine levels. Aside from increasing libido in most humans, Deprenyl has some weird and wonderful side-effects like extending the lifespan of animals and people with Parkinson's. Be careful lurking around with deprenyl or any other MAO inhibitor. Combining an MAO inhibitor with an average dose of amphetamine or a methoxylated amphetamine such as MDMA (Ecstasy, Adam, X, Dr. Mal) can kill your ass but quick.

If you are going to try these aphrodisiacs, please check the *Physicians' Desk Reference* before experimenting.

Bromocriptine stimulates dopamine release. In *Life Extension: a Practical, Scientific Approach*, Pearson and Shaw warn postmenopausal women that bromocriptine may reset their biological clocks, making pregnancy a possibility. Judging by the references I found, bromocriptine makes rats and people hornier. People with Parkinson's need to take far less L-dopa if they take bromocriptine. I've been told that a research project combining L-dopa and bromocriptine was cancelled when many of the elderly people in the study began having sex, and two women over 60 years of age got pregnant. However, I can't find a reference to the study.

A few friends and I have experimented with combining small doses of all the above dopaminergics, with interesting effects. Two friends, both women, started finding all the guys I noticed an increased interest, and a concomitant enrichment of actual sex. Way cool!

Be forewarned that jacking up the levels of dopamine in your brain can initially cause nausea. If you start with small doses and gradually increase the dose, you will probably avoid this problem.

While there is apparently no medical literature reporting an increased libido from the use of vasopressin, the word on the street is that it intensifies and prolongs orgasm. Vasopressin is a hormone released by the pituitary that regulates short-term memory and water retention and is available in a nasal spray. Marijuana inhibits the release of vasopressin in the brain, and some pot smokers are now snorting vasopressin with the weed... when they can remember where they put it.

Piracetam is an intelligence-increasing drug covered in the last *Mondo 2000*. Piracetam's benefits are so profuse as to bewilder, but the Knowledge Index doesn't say a damn thing about SEX BEHAVIOR and Piracetam. However, several female acquaintances claim that Piracetam definitely increases their libido and... uh, follow-through. Timothy Leary says that intelligence is the ultimate aphrodisiac, and I'm not smart enough to argue the point.

READ THIS!

The Politics of Poly Love

by James Heddle

The various forms of responsible nonmonogamy from latex swinging through open marriage to polyfidelity are generally viewed by proponents and critics alike as aberrations from the cultural norm. From an evolutionary viewpoint, however, they collectively represent what might be called a "waxing norm" someday to eclipse the "waning norm" of serial monogamy and the fissioned nuclear family.

The discovery, invention and creation of workable, responsible social geometries challenges the waning norm of the possessive/dominator marriage model.

In that sense, responsible nonmonogamy is a subversive activity. Polyfidelity is a political act.

The political dimension of the Family Diversity Movement, though little discussed, is what connects it to the broader currents of evolutionary change now upswelling in the end-of-century American socio-cultural system.

The drive to eliminate possessiveness, jealousy, guilt, manipulation, dishonesty, psychological and/or physical abuse, double standards, and co-dependency from the institution of marriage is inextricably linked to the drives to eliminate injustice, exploitation, corruption, pollution and depletion from our social, economic, political, educational, industrial and agricultural institutions.

Like it or not, cooperate with it or resist it, a new culture is a-borning based on a biospheric ethics of cooperation, nonviolence and transgenerational responsibility. This phenomenon is a survival response of the human body politic to global evolutionary demands. The evolutionary bottom line is this: Our species must learn to share and cooperate -- person-to-person, culture-to-culture, nation-to-nation, species-to-biosphere -- or it will not survive.

The refusal to participate in the debilitating drama of the dominator marriage model is an act of political courage, a "civil disobedience," an awakening from the cultural thrall. Living alternative forms of responsible, mutually nurturing relationship is a creative act, liberating for oneself and others and an affirmation of evolutionary intention.

James Heddle is an award-winning producer of TV documentaries on nuclear issues and co-founder of the Nuclear Democracy Network, which promotes a citizen-based nuclear policy. He is currently seeking a producer for his screenplay of Ernest Callenbach's Ecotopia novels.

Reviews from Floodtide magazine of IntiNet Resource Centre, POB 150474, San Rafael, CA 94915-0474, America. "For responsible non-monogamy and sustainable intimate relationships".

The Lesbian Love Advisor

Celeste West

San Francisco: Cleis Press, 1989

This delightful book combines the sensibilities of poetry, wit, eroticism, spirit and solid practical advice in a miraculous blend of pure joy. Wonderful sections on courtship, rituals, and jealousy make this an excellent resource for any woman who wants greater insight into same sex loving. The Lesbian Love Advisor is especially valuable for poly women (and men for that matter) seeking support and wisdom in the art of loving more than one. Consider this gem: "The pluralist must also be one of the most reassuring and eloquent women on earth to assuage a lover's pain over unfaithfulness. Any defensiveness and anger show her up for a mean spoiler, not a great lover. If you insist on playing the 'love the one you're with' game: focus. Convince the hurt woman you love just how much you do love her. Invest effort to more than equal what you just spent in dalliance. Your heart is otherwise too poor to afford cheap thrills."

Meditations on Jealousy

by Michael Aluna

"The first peace, which is the most important, is that which comes within the souls of people when they realize their relationship, their oneness, with the Universe and all its powers." -- Black Elk

For many people the fear that they might not be the total solution to their partner's needs for love and intimacy can be a source of tremendous anxiety and pain. What can be even more painful is the discovery that, in fact, one is not the total solution to their partner's needs for love and intimacy. When two people in a relationship assume that each should be able to satisfy the other's every need, it can be a crushing blow to one's pride to learn that this has not been the case. Fear, anger, jealousy, and a sense of having been betrayed, mixed with feelings of sexual failure and personal inadequacy, often follow.

It is typical of Western humans, when we suffer a blow to our pride, or when we feel angry, jealous or betrayed, that we want to blame, judge, or somehow strike back, making the offending party "pay" for our suffering. In this way, the myth of isolated monogamy can amplify normal jealousy to a dangerous and sometimes deadly pitch. As Daly and Wilson note, in their book, *Sex, Evolution, and Behavior*, "Male sexual jealousy is far and away the leading motive in spousal homicide in North America, and almost certainly throughout the world. If we include disputes between men over women, than male sexual jealousy may well be the number one motive in all homicides. Surveys of battered women indicate that male sexual jealousy is the leading motive in nonfatal wife beating too."

How the myth of isolated monogamy intensifies normal jealousy can be seen by imagining a couple that does not believe in the myth. When a couple assumes that each partner will probably not be able to satisfy all of the other's needs for love and intimacy, and they remain honest and open with each other, the chances of normal jealousy escalating into violence are significantly decreased. Once free of the "one and only soul mate" myth, a person can more readily accept that they are lovable and worthwhile even if their partner also finds another, or others, to be lovable and worthwhile. The fact is that we are all lovable and worthwhile, just as we are!

At the deepest level, jealousy is generally rooted in a subliminal sense of alienation from the larger body of Life i.e., the Great Beloved. When people experience themselves as isolated beings in the Universe, rather than as manifestations of the Universe, they feel that the environment is "out there," separate from them. Then they tend to be far more prone to addictive/possessive love and behavior than those who have a deep somatic knowledge of themselves as one with the Universe. The thought of losing one's beloved partner can be particularly terrifying if one already feels, at some level of consciousness, alienated from the Great Beloved. It is like putting salt in an existing wound.

The more one feels oneself to be in deep communion with the Great Beloved, the easier it becomes to love unpossessively, and the easier it becomes to trust Time, Life, and Nature. The fear of losing a partner, and the consequent desire to exercise control over that partner's behavior typically lessens. It becomes easier to love one's beloved unconditionally because of the deep awareness that that is how the Great Beloved loves us. It also becomes easier to love the person(s) of whom one is jealous, because they too are recognized as visible expressions of the Great Beloved. There is perhaps nothing more community enhancing and spiritually uplifting than moving from fear and jealousy, through pain, to acceptance, gratitude and love.

A BRADFORD UNIVERSITY ROMANCE: Betrayal, Murder, Incest and Love.

I started at Bradford University nearly two years ago. I had taken a year off after school and worked as an operating department orderly in the local hospital until I had enough money to pay for the trip to India I had always dreamed of. I travelled alone and put off returning to England until a week before the start of term; so things were a bit hectic. When I arrived in Bradford I was really spaced out from travelling and was still getting over the culture shock of being in England. I had also contracted severe alcohol poisoning whilst in Goa, South India; an area renounced as a haven for western freaks, drugs, acid parties and beautiful beaches. The evil drug had stripped the vitamin B lining from various vital nearves with the result that I was in a constant hallucinatory daze.

Those first few months in Bradfrod were blissful. My frazzled brain was quite incapable of thinking beyond the present and I wandered around the campus and Manningham Park in a highly lucid state which felt extremely spiritual at the time; removed as I was from everyday consciousness. However, I did make an effort to return to the everyday world by exercising as much moderation as I was capable of as regards alcohol and the like.

When I had got my bearings I took to visiting Champagnes for kicks. I usually ended up there when I was already long past control and have few memories of these visits other than the recollection of getting horribly drunk, dancing wildly and spending the next few days feeling very ill.

On one especially sunny morning I awoke from such a mission

CONTINUED OVERLEAF -->

RELATIONSHIPS

same person week after week

Why Bother?

I'm so happy I could sing
And then I have to face the fear
Of my flock birds falling in

I'm not saying we should all run off to lead a monastic life or that there's anything wrong with being in love and/or having sex. I just think that far too many people end up going out with someone they're not really interested in because of the pressure that society puts on us all to be part of a couple. Try to liberate your emotions and enjoy being an individual for a change, you might get to like it.

SHE'S A UNIVERSAL EMPTINESS:

SHE'S THE MOTHER OF US ALL

To my lady of wonder;
A fortress in precious metal;
of alchemic gold
i journey
From afar.
Ever inspired i
Ever aspiring we
One and the same.
Lingham and yoni
Soft bright caress
in warm receptiveness
Bright full white breast
Scorpionic (white) eagle
Ever spurring me on
Teaching and being taught
Transcendental ascents
Bindu within/without maya
She, he, all of them yea
To partake the flesh of the gods
"I am above you and within you"
I love you I love you

Soft waterfall hazy
Slow motion leaf-fall
Free fall
Floating free
Soft landing guaranteed.
Through trauma and torment
Standing tall
Through doubt and blame
Through love through life
The one and the all
joins.

Verily, as Selene, a true Goddess.
And it harm no-one
So mote it be.

*

Together we lie
Warm and loving, I and I
In love for the first time
(Yet we know, not the last;)
Thro' gardens we wander/Into
pleasure and wonder
Melt our ages + past
Contentedly exploring,
joyous are we
Happy and yet sad,
urgently
Seeking full knowledge
Before the eternal gamesman cries:
HALT!
And our little tryst
dies.

*

Pure, brilliant, infinite
Love. (finite too!)
Simple, yet so
complex
Cliched; one love
amongst a million;
And yet so original
and forever surprising
in intensity
and compassion
in searching polarities.

- an unceasing rebirth -

kian

A BRADFORD UNIVERSITY ROMANCE : Continued

On one especially sunny day I awoke with an unexpected companion in my residential, regulation issue bed. I only noticed him after I'd returned from the bathroom, having emptied myself of a quantity of ingested poisons and refreshed myself in a cool bath. I was intrigued when I saw him curled up in my bed, it struck me, like a parody of myself and I sat sipping water and gazing at his sun showered and otherwise naked body for some time before I decided to wake him with a cup of tea and a Cocteau Twins serenade.

It turned out he was as confused as I, his memory being similarly depleted by alcohol excess, but he seemed to remember something of the night we had evidently spent together as he smiled to himself as if in happy remembrance as he drank his tea. I still don't know if we indulged in physicalities that night.

We became brilliantly intimate friends and lovers. Soon he had all but moved into my room. I put my bed up on it's side were it fitted under the window sill of my Longside room, and put the mattress on the floor. This gave it the illusion of being bigger than it was and besides, the bed creaked. We seldom went out but spent many evenings in the shelter we created for ourselves. The walls were draped with patterned hangings from Bombay Stores and we lay together in the candle light, drinking red wine and listening to the minimalistic classics of Micheal Nyman and Phillip Glass whilst we explored together our minds and bodies.

This was the first homosexual relationship either of us had been in and we lived in the state of continual delight and surprise suited to lovers who know honesty with each other. Folk lore seems to have it that male gays are not terribly into penetrative anal sex, but I was, although I didn't enjoy so much being active. I think anal sex has even more power connotations than vaginal sex.

Mostly we indulged our orality, blissed out on weed and on occasions magic mushrooms saved from the winter. We gave each other lengthy massages utilizing Body Shop aromatheraputic massage oil and sometimes wine (which tasted better). We spent a lot of our time kissing, nibbling, biting, licking and giggling.

I think that both sexes can derive more pleasure from oral sex than from f*****g alone. This was certainly the case with us

I cherished the penis of my lover, Kernunos. I worshipped him with my whole body and mind. We were as children, and as children we entered heaven. When we were engaged in oral sex it was like we were transported to a void: the sensation of floating was overwhelming. This became our favoured way of waking the other in the morning and the transition from the dream state to this other state was almost unnoticeable. Indeed, it was possible and easy to enter a trance state and when coupled to each other in the oral-genital embrace time faded to insignificance. Due to our languid pace ejaculation seldom occurred and if it did it was after a lengthy period (We had both previously had AIDS tests, with our dodgy pasts, so we soon dispensed with safe sex). We experimented with sex magick and tantric yogas which transported us to new vistas of intimacy and spiritual experiences way beyond mere descriptions or words. Try it for yourself and find out. Not for nothing is Tantra called "the cult of ecstasy"!

These were undoubtedly some of the happiest months of my life. However, in my life I seek divergence and a new playmate soon appeared on the horizon.

I met Lilly on a train to Bradford where she was going to visit friends. I was taken by her military uniform and we got talking. She invited me to her girl friend's flat in St.Pauls Road, Manningham where, as it turned out, I spent that weekend.

I used to fantasize about her taking up her rifle and bayoneting me in my stomach or groin, but we didn't indulge in any heavy sadomasochism together. I can certainly enjoy pain - it is, after all, only an electrical impulse relaying a message to the brain. How we interpret that message is to a large extent up to us. And in relation to sex the violence/power motif is well connected. In *Refusing to be a Man* (available in our library) for example, John Stoltenberg details how young boys often first experience erections in situations of terror such as being called upon to recite in class, travelling at high speed on a bike, or hearing a gunshot.

But I think pain has its place. Discipline is the key you see. Mostly we dressed up together and acted out role playing games, sometimes in public, swapping the dominant and submissive parts as we chose in roughly equal parts, although Lilly, or Wolf as I came to call her, took the dominant role most frequently.

At this time I felt I had a great secret, although I was always honest about my association with Wolf. I always thought there was something subversive in sitting in a lesson with the memory of the previous morning or night wafting up from my hands. The intoxication this caused meant that part of me was always with her. I spent most of the summer holiday with her and took a flat in Manningham overlooking the park.

I had promised to take Kernunos home, however, to see my friends and hometown of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and when I returned it was to learn that Lilly no longer held a dominant role in relation to life.

As the Gulf war had taken off seriously in January she had made up one of the 1000 women troops posted out there. Of course, they weren't let loose with weapons, or allowed to do anything real and subsequently, overcome by boredom, my wolverine had apparently gone walkabout in the ruined city where she was set upon by a group of renegade soldiers intent on gang rape. It turned out that her tormentors were equally bored by war and death and couldn't be bothered to rape her preferring instead to play a game of cat and mouse in the course of which my mother died.

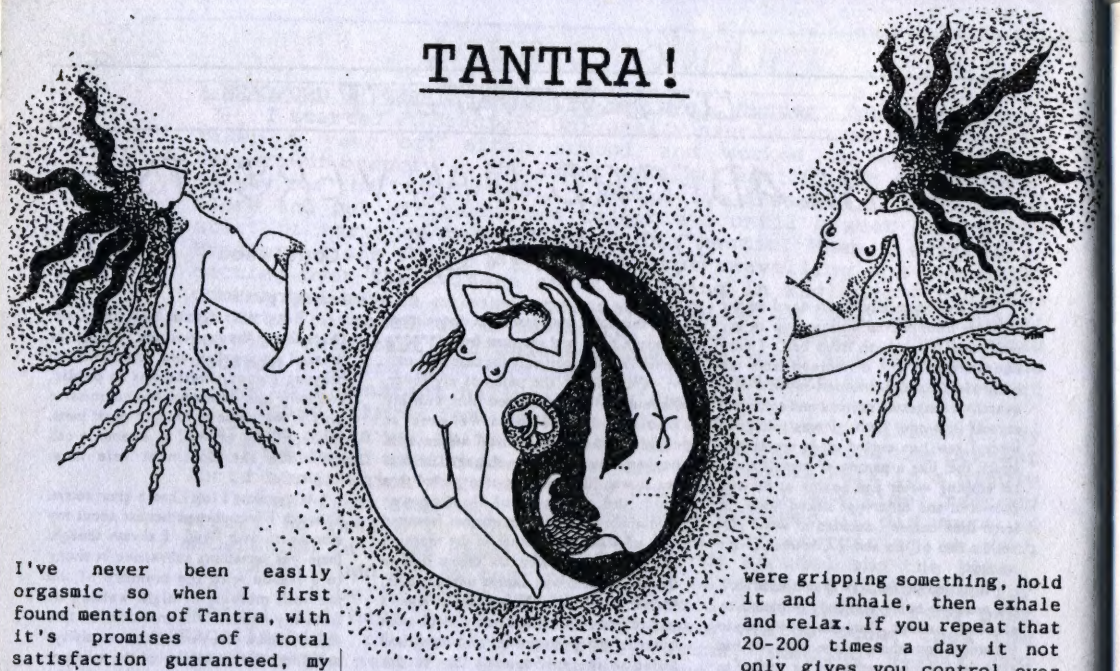
Still, among the living life continues. I do not mourn Lilly's death, though I do miss her. Her death stands as a monument to the stupidity of men, the essential violence of the system we inhabit and the futility of war. But who gives any attention to monuments?

As I say, life continues. Soon my ex-mother/lover Dolores returns from her university placement in the Dark Continent that is Africa, and a new cycle begins.

N.K.

Betrayal , Murder , Incest & Love

TANTRA!



I've never been easily orgasmic so when I first found mention of Tantra, with it's promises of total satisfaction guaranteed, my ears pricked up. I had only skimmed the surface of the article, but my interest (amongst other things) had been aroused so I acquired a couple of 'in depth' books and snuggled down under my duvet. I found that, far from some sensationalised sex marathon Tantra was a religion, a way of life and a path to spiritual enlightenment: Nirvana. Sex was the means, not the end, but it sure as hell beats sitting on a mountain top for 60 years or listening to self righteous crinklys telling you that the appetites of the flesh will send you to hell!

Tantra was first recorded in Pakistan 6,000 years ago and was called 'The Royal Path of Sexual Yoga' or 'The Eighth Path'. I was overjoyed to discover that, not only is it claimed to be the fastest path to Nirvana (6-12 months for a dedicated couple), but I had all the equipment I needed, namely, my body, my soul and the true desire to see the light. As the Tantrists say,

YOU ARE THE DRIVER
YOUR BODY IS THE CHARIOT
THE REINS ARE WISDOM.

To achieve enlightenment you are given a simple set of physical, mental and spiritual exercises designed to hone your sensitivity to the highest degree possible; all that's required is the know how and a fair modicum of discipline. The exercises and rituals are arranged in lunar cycles of abstinence and indulgence; you can't experience true satisfaction if you've never experienced hunger. At new moon you can feast on gourmet food but sex is kept to a minimum, physical contact is allowed but no orgasms; and at the full moon you eat frugally but engage in the Kundalini Ritual, which is sexually strenuous and is the eventual doorway to Nirvana.

If you don't feel up to strenuous sex, fear not! The physical exercises I mentioned start slow and simple and you can even do them watching TV or lying in bed. The first preparatory exercise is to tone up your PC muscle which makes up part of your pelvic floor. It's the one you squeeze when you want to stop peeing in mid flow. Once you've found it you just squeeze it as if you were gripping something, hold it and inhale, then exhale and relax. If you repeat that 20-200 times a day it not only gives you control over erection, orgasm and ejaculation, but it helps avoid incontinence, piles, prolapses, prostate problems and plenty other yucky ailments. And this is just the beginning of the purely physical aspect of Tantra.

The spiritual side of Tantra can be quite difficult and sometimes frightening because it involves meditating on seven energy centres located on your etheric body (the spirit body that is usually superimposed on your own unless you have an 'out of body' experience) and brings you into direct contact with emotions and feelings that you sometimes didn't know you had.

The Yin and Yang symbol has many meanings but it originally came from Tantra and represents not only the bonding of male and female, or between the physical and etheric body, but ultimately the melding of humanity with the cosmos.

A final thought from Tantric scriptures thousands of years old:

THE ONLY SINS ARE IGNORANCE
AND ILL WILL.

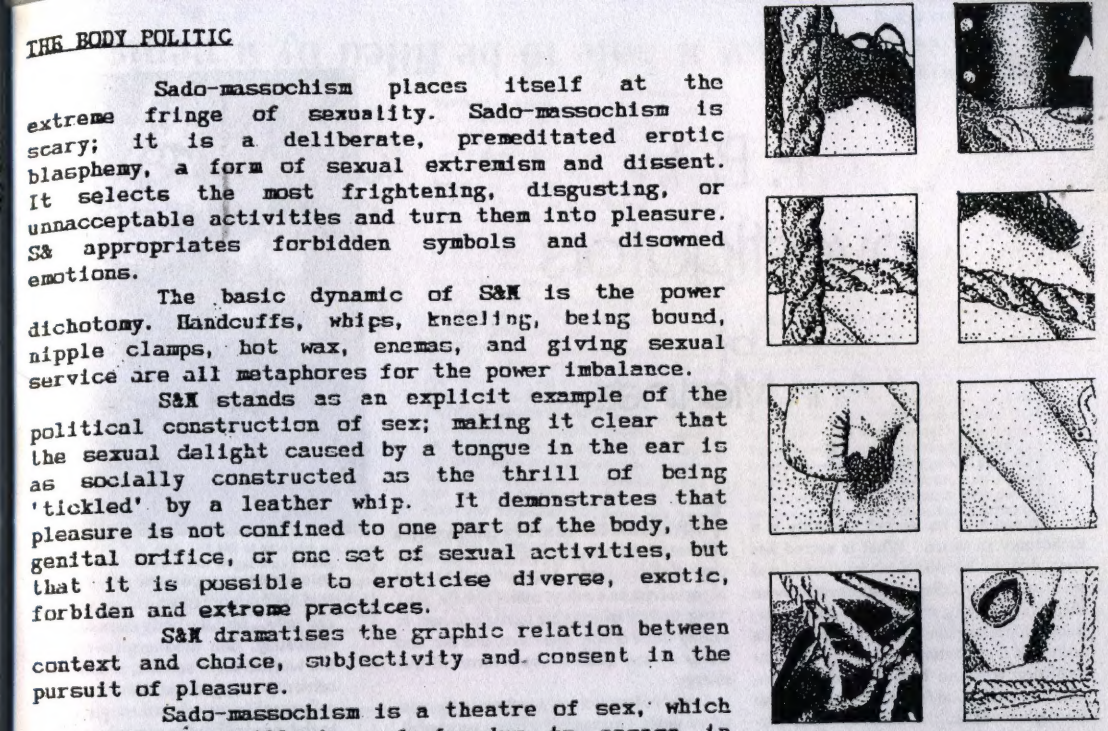
Sado-massochism places itself at the extreme fringe of sexuality. Sado-massochism is scary; it is a deliberate, premeditated erotic blasphemy, a form of sexual extremism and dissent. It selects the most frightening, disgusting, or unnacceptable activities and turn them into pleasure. S& appropriates forbidden symbols and disowned emotions.

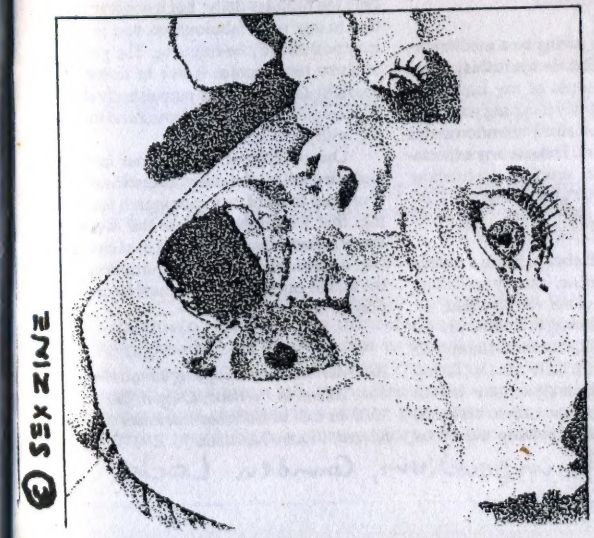
The basic dynamic of S&M is the power dichotomy. Handcuffs, whips, kneeling, being bound, nipple clamps, hot wax, enemas, and giving sexual service are all metaphores for the power imbalance.

S&M stands as an explicit example of the political construction of sex; making it clear that the sexual delight caused by a tongue in the ear is as socially constructed as the thrill of being 'tickled' by a leather whip. It demonstrates that pleasure is not confined to one part of the body, the genital orifice, or one set of sexual activities, but that it is possible to eroticise diverse, exotic, forbiden and extreme practices.

S&M dramatises the graphic relation between context and choice, subjectivity and consent in the pursuit of pleasure.

Sado-massochism is a theatre of sex, which constructs the illusion of freedom to engage in extreme activities: from bondage to fist fucking, mixing shit and cum and spit and piss and blood to recreate the Philosophers Stone. S&M exists on the borderlines of endurance attempting to attain an intensified sense of release and pleasure by constructing a politic of deterritorialised bodies and power relations.





F.B.I.
Investigators

by

Ann Martinez

To most of us, sacred sexuality is a dichotomy in terms. What is sacred has been defined by our existing church and spiritual systems. Sacred has come to mean that which is holy, spirit without form, defined by limiting ideologies that eschew the body and it's functions as base and in contradiction with our highest ideals of communion with God/Goddess. And who among us was taught sexuality? Our parents, ashamed, in turn, shamed us, with their words "down there," "nasty," and worse, with their silence. Madison Avenue sold us everything from beer to cars with the promise that whatever "it" was, would be revealed to us if we only purchased the right hair spray or soft drink. Their fantasies promised the mystery revealed, love fulfilled, passion exalted. When that union occurred, we most often felt disappointment, betrayal, a longing for something more.

I was one of the luckier ones. Raised in a Jewish family, I received no teachings of the sins of the body, no hell to fear for my actions; my mother would be the only one to answer to. My beloved and most of my friends and lovers were not so blessed; eternal damnation loomed if they touched themselves, a long list of what was forbidden (i.e., everything) was given to them at an early age.

And what of Love? There was the "sacred" love, agape, and the Eros of sexuality. With my first Catholic boyfriends, one was often the bargaining chip for the other — "if you loved me ...." It was very confusing.

For myself, a lover of the God/Goddess *and* of sex, I yearned for congruence. Could I be a spiritual woman and sexual being? Were there any maps, paradigms, way showers? I had heard of Tanta for many years, seen photos of ancient temples with lovers entwined in sexual poses *in the temples*. And seven years ago, with a foundering new marriage, my beloved and I embarked on our search.

We found Tantra to be a philosophy, a science of systems supporting the one energy of the universe. More often the world is perceived as duality, male/female, yin/yang, each of us separate from the other. In reality there is only one force, one life, and the body and spirit are both forms of that energy.

We've found many teachers in the past seven years. Our search has been successful. After seven years we are discovering more intimacy, more passion and more Love than we had when we first met. We come together daily to honor the God/Goddess in each other, our bodies as the sacred containers of the one spirit that connects us.

We've learned many breathing techniques, meditation exercises, mantras, yantras and positions. For a while it seemed like sex was becoming more complicated, and where was the place for Love?

My partner and I have narrowed it down to three principles, easily remembered. We are F.B.I. Investigators:

This investigative process need occur only ten minutes daily. Let it occur in addition to any wild, fabulous sex you may (or may not) already be enjoying. The purpose of these ten minutes is not to make love gentially (although that surprisingly sometimes occurs) but to share loving and nurturing with each other.

Our planet, our country, our families, and our souls cry for unity. Sacred Sexuality is offered to all of us in our search for healing, that we might embrace the divine in every aspect of our being, and in each other. Our desire for our highest communion with the sacred can elevate our sexual loving to a prayer. ✪

F for Focus: Let my loving be a meditation, bringing the mind always to this present moment, the sense of my fingers on your skin, my body touching you, your smell. I give you all my attention in this present moment. I release any expectation of orgasm, erection, ejaculation, past lovers, what's for dinner and the 7 o'clock news.

B for Breath: We will always share a time of breathing together, simply matching our breath. (Let the woman lead, we breathe more slowly, and in Tantra we are the leaders.) Lie spoon fashion or sit yab-yum (woman on lovers lap, facing each other) and imagine your breath connecting at the heart, the sex centers, the navel. Deep breathing moves us into the parasympathetic nervous system, tells our organism we are safe, we can relax. And the body responds immediately. Our tiredness disappears; the worries seem smaller; muscles receive more oxygen and relax. Energetically we align ourselves through breath to the moment and to our beloved.

I for Intention: In Tantra the intention is "I see the God/Goddess in you. I honor that spirit in all parts of you. Let me love God/Goddess by loving you. Let us be healers to one another. By my touch, by my words, by my prayer, I honor you, beloved. Let my love touch those places that were unfulfilled, abused, shamed. Let God/Goddess be in our bedroom and let our every act be holy."

Ann Martinez teaches ongoing Tantra classes at Body Moves in Portland, Oregon, (503) 227-3578, as well as workshop intensives with her beloved, Vincent Martinez.

JULIAN POOLE

What's it mean, eh? Well, it stems from what Discordians call the Doctrine of the Original Snub. Y'see, one time all the ancient Greek Gods and Goddesses gathered to have a ball and neglected to invite Eris, supreme Goddess of Chaos and Discord. Naturally she got miffed at such behaviour. On the day of the ball she rolled a GOLDEN APPLE into thee hall inscribed with the legend KALLISTI, meaning "to the prettiest one". The Goddesses in attendance all claimed this title and not to be outdone, so did the Gods. Eventually their squabbling led to the Trojan War. So be warned. If you want to be a dancing star you must accept chaos into your heart.

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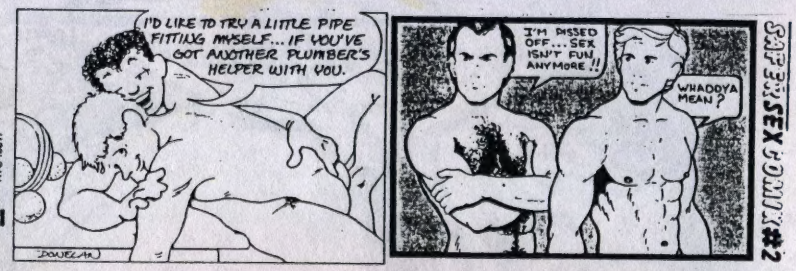

AUTOEROTIC DEATHS

Dyslexic Comic POB
17863 Denver, CO 80217

I.

A twenty-four-year-old computer operator was found dead in his apartment. He was naked except for a brassiere and a gold necklace. A rope tied around his waist also extended about his groin, binding his genitalia down into the gluteal fold. He was lying on his right side with both hands grasping magazines depicting females in various stages of undress. Newspaper advertising supplements showing similar photographs were scattered about his body. An electrode spiced into speaker wire was taped to each nipple. These wires ran behind his back, where they were joined, traversed his left leg, where they were taped to his body, and were connected to a stereo amplifier (120 to 180 watts, 120 volts, 3 ampers). The amplifier had been on when he was found.

II.

The victim, in his early fifties, was a white male, married and the father of three. He was educated beyond the master's level and owned a small business. He was discovered in a forest, suspended by his knees in a bowed position. Only his feet, shoulders, and head touched the ground. He wore a white net shirt, blue bikini-type underwear, and ankle-length socks. His ankles were bound with cord. A separate piece of cord bound his legs together with five individual wraps from just below the knees to the upper part of his thighs. Another length of cord went around his waist, between his legs on each side of his scrotum, back around the leg wraps. A snap book was attached to the cord above his knees, and a separate length of cord suspended the victim from a tree limb via this snap book. His wrists were bound beneath his buttocks by pieces of nylon attached to the cord encircling the legs. He had wrapped each wrist in heavy cloth to prevent chafing by the nylon strap. His penis was held down between his thighs by the nylon strap used to secure his wrists. Investigation determined the presence of ejaculate on his thighs. At the base of the penis, he had tightly tied a short piece of nylon rope. Near his body were his clothing and a carrying bag. The bag contained erotic books, magazines, and photographs of women and men. He had pasted facial photographs of his family and friends over the faces of models appearing in the erotica. His death was attributed to exposure.

III.

A woman in her early twenties was discovered in a severely decomposed condition. She was found on a bed in her locked apartment where she had resided alone. She was nude and lay face down with a pillow under her abdomen and her buttocks in the air. Her right hand was beneath her near her vagina. Her face was turned to one side, and a knife was beneath her cheek. On the bed immediately below her vagina lay a long sausage which, in all probability, fell from her vagina after her death. On the kitchen counter a package of similar sausages had since thawed.

Burke and Ken, painting

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"Woman is not a hole to be filled by a penis."

--Monique Wittig

72.

2
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